

Engagements, our being disposed to recede from them. Finally, It has never been known in Criminal Cases, that a Liberty has been given to take *Letters of Restitution* as to Confessions made in the Court of the Proceedings.

Of the APPEAL from the Writ of Personal Appearance serv'd on la Cadiere, and from the Writ of single Appearance, issued against Father Girard.

THE Writs which are serv'd upon the Co-accused, are always proportion'd according to what appears from their Charges. Wherefore, as soon as we have related the Matters of Fact, as soon as we have refuted the different Heads of the Accusation form'd against *Father Girard*, and have discover'd the Source of the Calumny, the Motives whereon it is founded, with the odious Methods that have been us'd to maintain it, we have thereby proved the Justice of the Writs. Besides, to what purpose is it to demand a Reformation of the Writs at the Time that, on one Hand, the whole Proceedings are drawn up, and the Cause is ready to be finally determin'd; and, on the other hand, *Father Girard* has offer'd to go to Prison with the Co-accused, being satisfy'd, as he is, of his own Innocence, and being only alarm'd with a just Fear, with which Charity inspires him, even in Favour of his Slanderers.

So concludes as in pleading.

*Pazery Thorame,
Levans Attorney.*



A
COLLECTION
OF THE
LETTERS

O F

Father GIRARD, and MARY CATHERINE CADIERE the Originals whereof were produced in Court.

General Reflections on these Letters.



HIS Collection of Letters is the most evident, and most natural Demonstration that can be, not only of *Father Girard's* Innocence, but also of the Imposture of *la Cadiere*, and her two Brothers, the *Dominican*, and the *Ecclesiastick*. To be convinced hereof there needs no more but to read them with Attention. There will be found, in the *Confessor's* Letters, a Spirit of *Piety*, *Zeal*, and *Charity*, joined with Principles of the purest *Morality*; and although his Penitent, at every Moment, mentions the marvel-

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lous Gifts which she pretended to receive from Heaven, Father *Girard* (as all the Spiritual Fathers advise) hardly ever speaks to her of her *Visions* and *Extasies*, but only of the *Practice of Virtue*, the *Love of Sufferings*, *Humility*, and *Self-denials*; because, in effect, these are all that is essential and necessary for obtaining Salvation.

Father *Girard* produced in Court the Originals of all these Letters, both of those which *la Cadiere* wrote to him, and of his own; it having pleased the divine Providence, that, for his Justification, these last should again come into his Hands, after a Manner which seems in some sort miraculous. This Father having heard that there was handed about the Town, a Paper, containing, the *Visions*, *Revelations*, and other extraordinary Favours, which *la Cadiere* pretended to have received the *Lent* before; (this is the famous *Lent Journal* which is at the End of her Letters) and being apprehensive that this Writing had been clandestinely taken away from his Penitent, sent her Word, *That in Case only, that any one had served her such a Trick, she should send him all his Letters, and all other Papers which she had of his, concerning the Consciences of certain Persons, as may be seen in his Letter of August 22.* Hereupon *la Cadiere*, in order to make her Director believe that this Writing was published without her Knowledge, immediately returned him all these Letters, except some in particular, which she

F. John Baptist Girard. 3

she retained; and wrapping up in a Bundle all that came under her Hands, sent, by Inadvertency, not only most of those Letters which Father *Girard* had written to her, but also the Minutes of the Letters which she had sent to this Father.

These Minutes were written by Father *Cadiere* with abundance of Erasurements; he composing the Letters himself, and his Brother, the *Ecclesiastick*, transcribing them, and generally carrying them to Father *Girard*, as if they had been written by his Sister: *La Cadiere* acknowledges this in her Memorial. In-
 fomuch that Father *Girard*, who had always thought that his Penitent wrote to him herself, and who recommended to her the utmost Secrecy in every thing that related to her Conscience, was strangely surpris'd to find, as it were by Chance, when he went to rummage amongst these Papers at the Beginning of the Prosecution, that *Messire Cadiere* had written them all, and that he had not received one Word under his Penitent's own Hand. He perceived thereby, but too late, that he had been impos'd on; and that the Brothers of his Devotee, by this unworthy Artifice, were privy to what pass'd in their Sister's Conscience, and in the Hearts of several others, without having ever said a Word to this Father, with whom they lived in the greatest Intimacy.

'Tis already seen by this Account, which is not contested, what is the Character, and

what the Impostures of *la Cadiere* and her two Brothers; but we shall soon find farther Proofs. Nevertheless, what does *Messire Cadiere* reply to this? He pretends that as he was then a Student in Divinity, at the Jesuit's College, the Father Rector must necessarily know his Hand. 'Tis easily seen by the Weakness and Ridiculousness of this Answer, that he is at a Loss how to make a good one. As if the Rectors of Colleges gave themselves the Trouble to take notice how the Students write, and especially the Students in Divinity.

But if they did not design to deceive Father *Girard*, and to make him believe that his Penitent wrote all her Letters herself, why, in such a frequent Correspondence, did he never receive one which was not written by *Messire Cadiere*? Why did he never receive one under the Hand of the *Dominican*, altho' he took the Pains to compose them, or, at least, as they own, to write them over first? How often was he alone at *Ollioules*? Why had he then Recourse to his Brother? What a perpetual Constraint did this Management require? It is evident then that there was some Mystery therein, that they would have him see always the same Hand, and that they had chosen that of the *Ecclesiastick*, because the *Jacobin's* was too fair, too remarkable, and too different from the Character that is used by most Women.

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Can any one desire a more convincing Proof hereof, than the Story now known to the whole World, of the Letter sent by *la Cadiere*, from *Aix*, to Father *Girard*? Before this Devotee set out on her short Journey for a few Days, she had put into her Director's Hands a Memorial of the Revelations concerning Sister *Remusat*, a Nun of the *Visitation* at *Marseilles*, who died with the Reputation of a Saint. This Memorial which follows these Letters, had been composed, like the rest, by Father *Cadiere*, but it had been copy'd over fair, and was given to Father *Girard* by the *Ecclesiastick*, whose Hand is pretty like his Sister's, whom, in all probability, he taught to write.

Nevertheless *la Cadiere* would write to her Confessor from *Aix*, and it was necessary he should always see the same Hand. However, they were not too much puzzled about it; the *Dominican* composed the Letter at *Toulon*, (the Minutes thereof were produced in Court;) his Brother transcribed it, and gave it to his Sister, to put in the Post for *Toulon*, when she arriv'd at *Aix*, which she did. What very sensibly proves the Impostures whereof these two Brothers were guilty, in order to make their Sister pass for a Saint, is, that in this Letter which was compos'd at *Toulon*, tho' date from *Aix*, they related before-hand, what was to happen to *la Cadiere* in her first Day's Journey. One need only read it; 'tis at the Head of this Collection,

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Now we affirm with Reason, that this single Passage, (which *la Cadere* and her Brothers must, whether they will or no, allow to be Fact) is sufficient to prove them egregious Impostors, and not deserving of any Credit. This will be yet the less question'd, if we add, that some time after *la Cadere's* Return to *Toulon*, which was on the twenty-third of *May*, Father *Cadere*, having forgot what he had written in the Letter he compos'd for his Sister, drew up a Memorial of what wonderful Things had happened in this Journey; which Memorial gave a quite different Account of his Sister's inward Dispositions to what he had given in the Letter; but was so full of Impostures and false Miracles, that it may be seen therein very evidently, how these two Brothers made a Ridicule of all that is most Sacred in Religion. This Memorial is short, and follows this Collection. These are not Facts attested by Witnesses from amongst the Scum of the People, who may be easily suborned and corrupted; these are Proofs under their own Hands, and taken from Originals which they have been forced to own.

In vain does Father *Cadere* say, That he only wrote what his Sister dictated; for, besides that, this is contradicted by the Erasurements and Emendations, whereof these Letters are full, and which are Signs of a Man who composes, and which are Signs of a Man who composes, scratches out, and corrects at leisure; will he say that he was in the Convent of *St. Clare*, at *Ollioules*, and in his Sister's Chamber, when she

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she wrote to Father *Girard* in her Letter of the 9th of *August*; This Morning they gave me some Physick, which has work'd me so much that it has caused a Spitting of Blood, which obliges me to keep my Bed, and frightned the Society, who at their return from *Mars* found me all weltring in Gore. Let us therefore observe here, en passant, that it is certain, and has been own'd, that *la Cadere* was cover'd with Blood; that is to say, that she besmear'd her Face therewith, on *Good-Friday* last, which was the 7th of *April*, on *May 8*, *June 9*, *July 7*, *August 9*. This alone is a Demonstration that this Blood did not come from the Devil, but from her *Menses*, and consequently, that she prophaned the most awful Mysteries of our Religion, making use of this Means to impose on the World, and represent a Transformation into an *Ecce Homo*,

But to return; Who wrote this Letter of *August* the 9th? Father *Cadere*; the Original has been produced in Court, copied over fair by his Brother. Let them explain then how their Sister, being in Bed, and so ill as she says, could dictate to them; for it is certain, and they own it, that they were not then in the Convent at *Ollioules*. Now this Letter, of *August* the 9th, is full of so many, and such absurd, Visions, that as soon as it is proved, that Father *Cadere* compos'd it, it will appear that there are no Extravagancies in the other Letters, or Memorials, written by him, whereof

whereof, he may not be the Author, as in reality he is.

Their Sister's Letter of *August 15th*, is also drawn up by the *Jacobin*; and yet who questions but that he was then in his Convent at *Toulon*? It was a Day of too great Solemnity for him to be then absent from the Choir, and the general Procession, which is made at *Toulon* with great Splendor.

Let them again explain how it happen'd that their Sister being able to write, tho' but indifferently, did, nevertheless, never send the least Note to her Director, under her own Hand, altho' they wrote to each other so frequently.

Don't every one know, that it is not requir'd of a Woman to write a good Hand?

Let them tell us again why their Sister, knowing so well how to sign her Name *Catherine Cadere*, since she has sign'd it above one hundred times in the Proceedings, never sign'd one single Letter to her Confessor, but they were all sign'd for her by her Brother the *Ecclesiastick*. How long has it been allowable to act thus? And what is the Meaning of this Care, or rather of this evident and palpable Collusion.

It appears then incontestably from all these Proofs, that Father *Cadere*, and his Brother, are convicted of having themselves compos'd all their Sister's Letters; of having by an unworthy Artifice deceiv'd her Director, by giving him an Account of false Miracles, where-

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of these Letters are full, and of having profan'd whatever is most holy in our Religion. One need only read these Letters to be convinc'd hereof; whence we ought again to conclude, that all these false *Miracles, Trances, Visions, Revelations, miraculous Discharges of Blood, and Stigmata* sometimes open, sometimes clos'd up, as a Punishment for her Sins, were far from being the Works of *Satan*, but were rather a Proof of the egregious Impostures of the Sister and her Brothers.

Yet more, and we have already observ'd it at the Beginning of these Reflexions; the Letters alone of *la Cadere*, whether she dictat'd them or not, are, to whoever reads them, a Compleat, and not to be suspected Demonstration of the slanderous Accusation of *Sorcery, Quietism, Spiritual Incest, &c.* where-with they would have blacken'd Father *Girard*, insomuch that we need do no more then earnestly conjure the Court to take the Trouble to peruse them, which alone will certainly convince them:

First, That there never was any criminal Correspondence between Father *Girard* and his Penitent.

Secondly, That this Father always inculcat'd to her the *Love of Prayer*, of good Works, and of *Penance*; and that he always endeavour'd to excite her to the highest Perfection.

Thirdly, That her Letters are full of *Sentiments of Piety, of Abhorrence of Sin, and of*

all that is displeasing to God; of whom she often asks Pardon for her Sins, for which she condemns herself to severe Penance, as may be seen in particular in the three last Letters of *September*.

Fourthly, That they are full of such *Visions* and *Revelations*, as are most proper to preserve us from Sin, and to unite us to God in the most intimate and generous manner.

Fifthly, It will nevertheless be perceived that these Letters, having been composed at Pleasure, in order to make *la Cadere* pass for a Saint that work'd Miracles, by Persons who knew no better, are consequently fill'd with abundance of Impertinences, and especially with much Vanity: For they were not Artists enough in their Profession to mimick the Character of *true Holiness*. People are surprized that Father *Girard* did not discover this Scene of Iniquity, because they don't put themselves in his Place, not being able to persuade himself that this Creature was so very wicked and profligate as he must have believed her, and she is found to be at present, when the whole flagitious Mystery is unravell'd.

Sixthly, It will appear by the Contents of these Letters, what was the Subject of the Correspondence between Father *Girard* and his Penitent; since all her Letters have an essential Relation to what her Director either inculcated to her by Writing, or by Word of Mouth in his Visits.

Seventhly, and lastly, *la Cadere's* own Letters will put it out of Question, that these are

the real genuine Letters which Father *Girard* wrote to her, and the Originals whereof he produced in Court, his Penitent having owned them to be the very same which she returned to him.

If Father *Girard* was guilty, we won't say of the enormous Crimes imputed to him, but even of Gallantry with his Penitent, nothing would sooner prove it than the Letters which he wrote to her, which he imagined would be kept very secret, and wherein a passionate Lover always expresses himself so naturally. Our Adversaries are so well convinced hereof, that they endeavour to prove their Calumnies by a Letter of this Father's of *July 22*, which they had preserved with some others, although this Letter is far from saying what they pretend.

Now, these Letters from Father *Girard* to his Penitent, are so *Christian-like*, so edifying, so full of the Spirit of God, as well as of an ardent Zeal for his Glory, and for the Perfection of the Soul under his Care, that *la Cadere* and her Agents could find no other Objection to them, but to say, That the Letters produced by Father *Girard*, are not the same as those he sent to her, and that he has new vamp'd them since at his own Leisure. Insomuch that if we prove the contrary incontestably, and shew plainly, that the Letters, which this Father delivered to the Commissioners, are the real Originals, we prove all, and clear him perfectly of all the Crimes laid to his Charge.

In vain do they pretend not to own that these Letters are genuine; it is very evident, that they are convinced in their Consciences of the contrary, even by what they confess. They pretend that *they still smell strong of Quietism*. What, was Father Girard then so stupid and so senseless, as to compose Letters on purpose to appear a *Quietist*, at the very Time that he knows himself to be accused of this *Heresy*, and he is labouring to justify himself from it in these very Letters.

They have moreover the Impudence to advance, that this Father *was not able to purge these Letters entirely from the Venom of that Passion wherewith they were infected, since there are still so many amorous Expressions to be found therein, tho' he has altered them*. Whence I conclude, that they have not been altered. What! He is accused of a criminal Correspondence with his Penitent; they alledge, as a convincing Proof, his Letter of July 22; he takes the Pains to compose his Letters a-new, in order to deliver them to the Judges to prove his Innocence, and he inserts in his Letters, thus forged at Pleasure, such Expressions as are sufficient to convict him of a criminal Amour. Whom do they think to persuade of this?

It had been very easy for Father Girard, if he had intended to compose his Letters a-new, not to have suffered these Expressions, *My dear Child, my little Girl, my Angel*, to recur so often; he needed not have left in the first Letter,

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ter, which he sent to her at *Ollioules*; — *You are still with me, my dear Child, and I will not be unmindful of you: Do not you, for your Part, forget me*; with a great many more such-like Expressions, which may be found in these Letters. He well foresaw that an ill Use would be made of them, as well as of that of July 22, which was dispersed all over the Kingdom, even at *Mid-Lent*, when he delivered the Originals to the Commissioners. But his Sincerity which has appeared in all his Answers, in his Conduct, and in the Course of these Proceedings, would not suffer him to disguise any thing: And as he has confessed all that has been transacted without Witnesses, and in the greatest Secresy, because it has been Truth, though he well knew he thereby furnished Arms against himself; so he has in the same Manner produced his Letters just as they were wrote, although he was not ignorant that some Expressions would be wrested to his Disadvantage; notwithstanding they may find several of the like Nature, and even of more Energy in the Letters of the greatest Saints to their Penitents, as all know who have read those of *St. Francis de Sales*.

What is most surprizing herein is, that they who pretend that he has new vamp'd his Letters; ask why he has not produced them all? And why should they be anxious for his producing Letters which would be composed a-new, and conduce to his Justification? Is not this Question absurd? And does it not betray

betray them, by discovering that they are convinced in their Hearts, that this Father has produced the genuine Originals? And, as a Proof that they are convinced thereof, they quote a Passage of his Letter of July 30, where this Father, in answer to his Devotee, who had written to him of the 29th, (*That the Lord, notwithstanding her Sins, had just comforted her with such a Profusion of Graces, that she enjoyed within herself infinite Happiness;*) says, *Send me Word when, and how the Blessings are returned.* I beseech him, who is the only Source thereof, to shower them down upon you in greater abundance, and that this Suspension, which has been put to them by your Offences, may be like a Mole broken down at last, after which the Waters overflow, and bear down all before them. The Comparifon of Water to Grace is taken from the Gospel, and is familiar to Christians. But allowing the loose Sense which they put upon this Expression, which is contradicted by the whole Letter, how can they assert, *That Father Girard composed it a-new at Pleasure, in order to justify himself?* The same may be said of these Words wherewith it concludes, and which they take great Care to exaggerate; *I am in him;* they have prudently omitted these Words, *in him,* which signified, in our Saviour, *I am in him all that you have thought me in the most serene and happy Days.* Certainly Father Girard might, and even ought to have left out this Period of his Letter, if he had a Design to correct it.

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But upon seeing the Letter entire, they will no longer be scandalized, and they will find that he alludes to his Letter of the 26th of the same Month, at which he had found her very much exasperated, when he went to *Ollioules* on the 28th.

That this Father, as they have the Boldness to advance, has written above a hundred Letters to *la Cadere*, is an Assertion contradicted even by the Perusal of those of his Penitent, which cannot be suspected of being counterfeited; one need only read them over carefully, examine the Days whereon they were written; with Father Girard's Letters which she mentions, and must necessarily have in her Eye, to be convinced of the contrary. Besides, how could he have written above a hundred Letters from the 6th of June, to the 22d of August? (for from that Time he never wrote her but one to take his Leave, which she has produced, and a Note of a few Lines which she has kept) he must have done nothing else, had it been so, and must have sent several Letters in one Day. But still they urge him, and ask him to produce all those which he wrote to his Penitent, because 'tis true, neither does he disown it, that he has written nine or ten more than he has produced. But, are they in his Power? Did *la Cadere* return them all? 'Tis plain she did not, by the two which she confesses she has kept; wherefore it is an unheard of Demand, and entirely unreasonable, to desire him

him to produce Letters which no longer are in his Disposal. 'Tis *la Cadriere* who ought to bring them out, we challenge her to do it, and particularly to shew those of the 20th and 21st of *July*, which she detains, no doubt, only because they would still more evidently overthrow the malicious Construction which she is pleased to put upon that of the 22d of the same Month.

Father *Girard* might rest contented with this Answer, which cannot be controverted; but because he professes speaking the Truth, even in Things to which there is no Witness but himself, he confesses, *That he has mislaid two of the Letters which had been returned him, which is not surprizing; it is more surprizing that he has preserved so many. He adds, That he has yet two more, which he cannot produce without betraying the Secrets of Confession, and he had rather abandon all to the Mercy of divine Providence, than make use of that Means to justify his Innocence, altho' Father Nicholas had Recourse thereto to destroy the Innocent.* If to all these Reflections we add what has been observed above, that it will appear from *la Cadriere's* Examination, which was read to Father *Girard* on their being confronted, that she, after having read and examined her Confessor's Letters, which were shewn her, owned, and acknowledged them to be the real Originals which she had received from him, nothing, in our Opinion, can be added to the Force of these Proofs.

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But because these Letters of Father *Girard* are in themselves sufficient for his Justification, we will prove their being genuine, even to a Demonstration. For why should this Father have recomposed his Letters? *Because they were full of Wickedness, and of the most passionate and most ardent Expressions of profane Love.* What Answer then did *la Cadriere* make to these Letters? One need only Read them; they are all full of Sentiments quite contrary to that detestable Passion, and breath only a perfect Disengagement from all Things. What did Father *Girard*, as they pretend, write *Billet-doux* to her, to say no worse; and did she never make him any Answers but what were very edifying, altho', as they suppose, they had a criminal Correspondence together; who can be so senseless as to believe it?

But this is not all; let us now address ourselves to Father *Girard*, and his Brother the *Ecclesiastick*. *The Correspondence, say you, which Father Girard maintain'd with your Sister by Letters, was execrable; his Views were nothing less than to kindle an impure Passion in the Heart of that innocent Victim to his Lust; to this end he abused all that is most Sacred in Religion.* Take care what you say, and do not ruin both yourselves and your Sister, in order to ruin Father *Girard*. By whom, we ask you, was this Correspondence by Letters carry'd on? *Your Sister, as you say, could hardly write. Who then answered those infamous Letters, that ought to be burnt as well as their Author?*

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Who receiv'd his Letters? Who saw them? Who read them? Who was the Confident of this abominable Secret? Who prostituted your Sister thus to the Letchery of a Priest? You are struck dumb, you blush; but that will not suffice: In spite of you, you must be caught, you must condemn yourselves; you must confess it; it is not the Truth which will constrain you to make this Confession; you have forsworn that an hundred times; it is pure Necessity. Yes, divine Providence has been pleas'd, for the Justification of Innocence, that these Letters should be produced against you. Do you know this Hand Writing? 'Tis you, *Regular*, who dishonour a holy and venerable Order; 'tis you who have drawn up the Minutes of these Letters; and 'tis you, *Priest*, so unworthy of your Character, who transcrib'd them fair.

There is no *Medium* here, and you cannot escape us; either Father *Girard's* Letters were such as you represent them, and then you see the Consequence that results against you; or they were Letters of Piety, and Edification, to which your Sister, by your means, answer'd after her hypocritical Manner, or rather after yours, and then you are infamous Slanderers. Once again take your Choice, for there is no *Medium*. How great is the Force of Truth! Whilst a Lye cannot be supported with never so many Artifices.

But, say you, does not the Letter of July 22, prove what we advance? Is it not Father *Girard's*?

rard's? Yes, we own this Letter, and should have been very sorry if you had not produced it, because nothing is more capable of confounding you, and of convicting you of your black Confederacy. What were you thinking upon, when you ventured to produce it, with that infamous Comment, fit to shock the Ears of those who have the least Chastity, if your Sister's Declarations had not rendered them insensible even of the greatest Obscenity? For, in short, to what Letter is this an Answer? It is not to one which you wrote the same Day? And who answered this Letter which you call so abominable? Did not you in your Letter of July 25? You cannot deny it; and have been forced to confess it. What! Did you by a Letter of your own writing give Occasion to this diabolical one? And did you answer it? And yet dare you say, *That it contains a full Conviction of Father Girard's Crime?* This Letter is perfectly justify'd, as soon as it is restored to its proper Place; and there are none but depraved Minds, or such as have not seen your Answers to it, who can be impos'd on by your Accusation. It is justify'd by it self, by a thousand Passages, by your own Sister, who in her Examination, even before her Retracting, declares, *That it was written in a divine Spirit.* This Confession was too important for it to escape Father *Girard's* Memory.

But are you justifiable your selves for having dispersed it all over the Kingdom for six Months

Months as a diabolical Piece, when you were convinced in your own Consciences of the contrary. 'Tis easily seen what you will answer, *That you could not then imagine that Father Girard had kept the Letters which you had written for your Sister.* That is true, and where would he have been if he had not kept them? With what Fury would not you have accused him? In vain might he have insisted on the true Sense of the Letter, and on his Innocence, you would have insulted him with the most cruel Bitterness, and contrary to your own inward Conviction, would have cried out but the louder of his Incest and Infamy. What ought to be thought of you, if neither you, nor your Sister, stick at the greatest Crimes? As soon as you are found capable, and are convicted of such great Crimes, you ought no longer to have any Credit given to you on any Account; and it is easy to be comprehended, that, to conceal your Shame, you have spared neither Money, nor Promises to induce two Maid Servants to bear false Witness; for that was your only Refuge, as shall be shewn in its Place.

As for the rest, we shall not trouble our selves to answer the wretched Reason brought by the Author of the *State of the Case*, as a Proof of the Corruption of Father Girard's Letters; viz. *That this Father asked leave of the Abbess of Ollioules, that his Letters might be carried directly to Mademoiselle Cadiere, without being seen.* For did not Father Girard de-

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fire the same Permission for the Letters which she should send him? And ought not the able *Logician* to have concluded from thence, that *la Cadiere's* Letters also were certainly full of Gallantry? Besides, is it not known, that 'tis a general Custom, even in the most regular and most austere Nunneries, to allow Directors to write to their Penitents, and Penitents to their Directors, without the Superiors taking it into their Heads to dive into the Secrets of Conscience, or to read any thing that is written on either Side.

Let us conclude then, that nothing is more chimerical, or more likely to shock our Belief, than the Imposture which they have the Impudence to advance, that the Letters, produced by Father Girard, have been new vamped or corrected. This being the Case, ought we not to be convinced of Father Girard's Innocence? Yes, his Letters alone refute the Charge of *Quietism, Sorcery, Incest, &c.* as those of *Mademoiselle Cadiere* demonstrate the *Impostures, the Sacrilege, and the Impiety* of the two Brothers and their Sister.

Mademoiselle CADIERE'S LETTER to
Father GIRARD, dated from Aix, May
19, 1730.

Father Girard produced in Court the Minutes of this Letter, under the Hand of Father Cadiere, the Dominican, who composed it at Toulon for his Sister before she set out for Aix; he produced

produced also, the Beginning of a Memorandum of what happened to Mademoiselle Cadiere during her Journey to Aix; this Memorandum is likewise written by Father Cadiere her Brother; it is full of nothing but the spiritual Joys, and Consolations which she experienced in the Beginning of her Journey, whilst this Letter mentions only inexpressible Pains, Doubts, and Darkness. This short Memorandum is at the End of the Letters.

REVEREND FATHER,

NO sooner did we arrive safe at Aix, on the 19th Instant, about Ten in the Morning, but I immediately took Pen in Hand to give you an Account thereof, and beg you to continue your Prayers for me in the holy Sacrifice at the Mass. I had flattered myself with Hopes, dear Father, that my little Journey would in some Measure have dissipated the exquisite Pains I feel in my deplorable Condition, to which you are no Stranger. But I find my Hopes have been vain by my woful Experience to the contrary every Day. 'Tis true, that in the midst of all the sharp Assaults I feel, which give me inexpressible Pain, and continual Doubts, I am sensible, through our Lord's great Mercy, which is always watchful over me of some particular Effects of his Grace, which give me to understand, that a Soul which is faithful to him, although it may be proved by such Trials, as are hard to be supported here below, ought never to fear any thing, or even to suspect

suspect the least Glimpse of Delusion or Error, when it is conducted by his Almighty Hand, which is always diffusive of Mercies to those Souls that are dear to him. You are sensible, without doubt, that in this Condition your Prayers will be of great Service to me; wherefore I earnestly implore them of you, being resolved to declare to you by Word of Mouth, on my Arrival at Toulon, the particular Mercies which it shall have pleased the Lord to confer upon me in my Absence. As to what concerns the Reverend Father *Boutbier*, I intend to talk with him on some particular Points and no farther, for fear of creating myself greater Uneasiness in the Design I have of disclosing my Mind to him, according to the good Pleasure of God. I say nothing hereof * *Mademoiselle Guiol*, since she will do herself the Honour to write a Line to you about her own Affairs at the Bottom of this Letter. Permit me, however, to assure you (till that happy Moment arrives when I may see you again) that I subscribe myself always, with a profound Respect, and perfect Union in *Jesus Christ*, Reverend Father, your most humble, and most obedient Servant and Daughtier,

MARY CATHERINE CADIERE.

Made-

* Father Cadiere was not a good Prophet; † *la Guiol* finding in the Inn at Aix, neither Pen nor Ink that was fit to be used, added not one Word to this Letters

† Roberts's Translator has made a gross Mistake in this Note, by putting Miss Cadiere for *la Guiol*, which makes it Nonsense.

*Mademoiselle CADIERE's LETTER to
Father ALEXIS, Confessor of the Chapel
of the Third Order of Carmelite Nuns, before
she set out for Ollioules, dated at Toulon,
April 4, 1730.*

*Father Girard produced in Court the foul
Draught of this Letter under the Hand of Father
Cadiere, the Dominican, who herein endues his
Sister with great Humility, in order to make her
pass for a Saint.*

REVEREND FATHER,

AS I am very sensible of all the Marks
of Goodness which you have shewn me,
and of the particular Care which you have
taken to make me a real Servant of *Jesus
Christ*, permit me, being upon the Point of
leaving this Place, and it not being in my
Power to have the tender Consolation of ac-
quainting you by Word of Mouth, (for Rea-
sons known to myself, and, for which, I hope
you will grant me a full Pardon, being, as
you are, ingenious at discovering those who
are sincerely devoted to you, and at giving a
natural Turn to every thing) permit me, I
say, Reverend Father, to give herein real
Proofs of my sincere Acknowledgments to
you, as well as to all our dear Sisters, who
have always been very charitable in excusing
my Imperfections. You ought to be persuad-
ed that I will never forget the holy and saluta-
ry

ry Counsel which you have so often inculcated
into me, and whereof, to my Confusion, I
have been so unfortunate to make an ill Use
for so many Years. The Lord by an Effect
of his great Mercy, has lately given me an
Insight of all my past'd Prevarications, and
consequently of the continual Scandal which I
have given to all our dear Sisters by such an ir-
regular Conduct. I conjure you, therefore, Re-
verend Father, to favour me so far as to en-
treat them to excuse me; as likewise, not to
deny me the Merit of your holy Sacrifices of
the Mass, nor a Share in the Prayers of my
dear Sisters, which alone can strengthen me,
and render my Undertaking agreeable in the
Eyes of the Lord. I flatter myself that you
won't refuse me such a Favour, weak and
distitute of all Good, as I find myself; I
hope, through our Lord's great Mercy, that
if, by my past Behaviour, I have had the
Mistortune to be a Subject of Scandal and
Confusion to my Sisters, the *Great Sacrifice* *
which I am going to make, will supply me
with the effectual Means to repair, for the fu-
ture, my Wanderings and Distractions, and
to deserve, either from you, or my Sisters,
the just Title of one who is most strictly in
Jesus Christ, Reverend Father, Yours, &c.

P. S. Permit me here to present my Respects
to all our dear Sisters, to whose Prayers I recom-
mend myself. [B] LET-

* A truly humble Soul would have said; the little Sacrifice rather, since *la Cadiere* neither sacrificed great Riches, nor great Hopes.

LETTER from LA CADIERE to Father GIRARD, Ollioules, June 6, 1730.

This Letter was written on the Day of Mademoiselle Cadriere's entering the Monastery of St. Clare, at Ollioules.

Permit me, Reverend Father, to take Advantage of the little Time that is left me, to give you tender Marks of my Affection and sincere Gratitude for that Work of God, which you have at last accomplished in me, to his great Glory. I cannot here express to you all the different and cruel Assaults which I have sustained till this Moment; methought all the Powers of Hell were risen up against me in Concert, to make me feel their utmost Rage and Fury, and, doubtless, I must in the End have sunk under their Violence, if the Lord's Almighty Hand had not dispersed and scattered them in an Instant. Accordingly, dear Father, by a particular Effect of his great Mercy, at the Moment of my entering the Monastery, I found all my Terrors vanish, and dispersed by a Profusion of Graces and inward Delights wherewith I was filled. I don't imagine that the Enemy will continue long inactive, but designs to attack me yet more fiercely than ever; wherefore I conjure you, by the Bowels of Jesus Christ, to grant me yet more plentifully, the Assistance of your holy Sacrifices of the Mass. You cannot more tenderly oblige her who

calls

F. John Baptist Girard.

27

calls herself, with a perfect Union in Jesus Christ, most dear Father, your most humble, and most obedient Daughter,

MARY CADIERE.

P. S. Permit me to present my Duty to my dear Mother, whom I honour with all my Heart, as well as all the rest of the Family.

LETTER from Father GIRARD to Mademoiselle CADIERE, Toulon, June 7. 1730.

The Answer to the foregoing Letter.

YOU are now, my dear Child, in the House to which our Lord has called you; may it please him of his infinite Goodness to support you therein, and to accomplish, without any Obstacle on your Part, the Designs he has upon your Soul, by confining you there. I return him a thousand Thanks for having strengthened you on the Road against the Assaults of the Enemy, and having calm'd the Storm which he had raised. I have been informed of Part of what you suffered by the Way, and as I expected it, I was not surprized thereat. Our good God, as you see, my dear Child, can allay the Fury of the Tempter, and make us amends for what we suffer for him; 'twas a Sacrifice you was making to him, and it could not but be painful; but he for whom it was made is a good Pay-Master, and will always recompense your Sufferings abundantly. Courage, my Daughter, and be faithful, our Lord will be so to you;

B 2

and

28 *The* MEMORIAL *of*

and whatever Efforts SATAN may make, will never be able to prevail over a Soul which seeks only her God, and seeks him without Reserve. I saw Yesterday your dear Mother, and endeavoured to comfort her; *Jesus Christ*, for whom you have left her, will by his Grace make her Compensation for your Absence. Your Friends, who accompanied you, came in the Evening to inform me of what had passed, and late at Night I had your Letter. Send me as soon as possible, all the Papers which you have, and for the Lord's sake be more exact then ever in observing what I recommend to you. You are still with me, my dear Child, and I won't lose Sight of you; you will not, I hope, on your Side forget me: He who has placed us together in his Bosom, will keep us inseparably united there, in time, and to all Eternity: Do your Work, and pray that I may do mine. I shall always be entirely yours, in the sacred Heart of *Jesus Christ*,

GIRARD, *Jesuit*.

P. S. Write to me continually what you have omitted to tell me, as I ordered you; and persist in informing me briefly of all that has passed within you, beginning from the first of your State of Sorrow, till the first Day of Lent, when you have finished what has happened to you from that Time till now; my Respects to the Lady Abbess.

LETTER

LETTER from Father GIRARD to Mademoiselle CADIERE. Friday Evening, June 9, 1730.

I AM very much in Pain, my dear Daughter, at your not writing to me; your Relations, who ask if I have not heard from you, are afraid that your Silence proceeds from some secret Discontent which you conceal from them. I am informed that you are well; the *Lady Abbess* told me, that she had given you leave to acquaint me with the State of your Soul; tell me then actually how you go on, whether you are contented, and whether you think the Lord is pleased with you. Are you not fallen again into your State of Torment? Extricate me, for God's sake, from the Uncertainty under which I labour; I know that all Things are difficult at the Beginning; you know also, that one must not be frightened at first, at what may seem strange in the Change of one's Condition, or at the Murmurs of Nature, or the Temptations of the Enemy. The Grace of *Jesus Christ*, together with the Assistance you have in the Monastery, and the holy Examples which will be always before your Eyes, will animate you to do and suffer all Things, in order to fulfil your Course well. Continue to give me an Account how you are disposed, since you know that the Glory of God, and your Good require it. You are not ignorant

B 3

of

of the Designs of Heaven upon you; be faithful to the inward Light, and dispute nothing with the *Holy Ghost*; beg of him for me the same Faithfulness which I recommend to you, and present my humble Respects to the *Lady Abbess*. I think to see you about the Beginning of next Week; in the mean while be assured that I am always entirely yours, in the sacred Heart of *Jesus*,

GIRARD, *Jesuit*.

LETTER from *Mademoiselle CADIERE*
to Father GIRARD, Ollioules, June
11, 1730.

The Answer to the foregoing Letter.

My DEAREST FATHER,

I Received on *Saturday* last the Honour of your's, fill'd with a thousand Marks of your Goodness to me, with a singular Pleasure, and with a more singular Acknowledgement. You ought, doubtless, to be persuaded of the extream Satisfaction it gave me, since I find myself destitute of all Assistance, and consequently have extream Need of yours. My Condition would, indeed, be insupportable, if I did not perfectly know the Cause of my Evils, and if I did not assuredly depend on your continuing to me your usual Goodness as you have hitherto, in order to contribute to the alleviating my Pains. I exhort you thereunto with so much the more Earnestness, inasmuch as finding myself deprived by the
Lord

Lord of all inward Consolation, * you are the only Person in the World who can give me any Comfort, and restore me to those former Moments of Joy, Pleasure and Tranquility which I have lost ever since the first Moment that I entered this House. Twenty times a-day do I sigh after the happy Hour when I may see you, in order to communicate to you the Bottom of my Misery, not being able to communicate it to any other, which is no little Aggravation of my Torment, as you ought to be convinced. Wherefore make haste, my dear Father, as soon as possible, to come and relieve a poor sick Creature who deserves your Compassion. The being debared the *holy Eucharist* (which they will not allow me every Day) which, however, would be the only Comfort both to my Soul and Body, plunges me into a continual Agony, which is attended with a Spitting of Blood, † and such an extraordinary Discharge otherwise, as makes me at once shake and tremble for what will follow. I conjure you to redouble your Prayers, since they alone can support me in this wretched Condition, to which I find myself reduced, and may, at the same Time, draw down upon me the Mercy of
B 4 the

* If these Expressions are innocent in the Sense of *la Cadriere's* Brothers, who composed these Letters, why should Expressions less strong, which Father *Girard* uses in his Letter of July 22, be to be condemned?

† This cannot be reconciled with the Date which she assigned to Father *Girard's* Crime before the C hancellor.

the Lord, which seems to have abandoned me.
 * As to the Wounds D and G, as well as T, they have been closed till last Night, when they began to take their usual Course. This, dear Father, is my present Situation; endeavour, by the Help of your Prayers, which I earnestly beg, to mitigate my Trouble; you cannot oblige me more sensibly. I have abundance of little Secrets to reveal to you by Word of Mouth, which I dare not commit to Writing. I flatter myself that you will vouchsafe to excuse me, and that you will always grant me the Favour to subscribe myself most strictly, and most intimately in *Jesus Christ, dear Father, your most humble, and most obedient Daughter,*

MARY-CATHERINE CADIERE.

LETTER from Mademoiselle CADIERE
 to Father GIRARD, June 15, 1730.

She began already to grow weary of the Constraint of the Monastery, wherefore she exaggerates so strongly the Pains she suffered, or pretended to suffer there, and begs her Confessor to enquire of the Lord, if it is his Will that she should continue therein.

My

* This justifies what Father Girard always said of the miraculous Changes which *la Cadere* pretended happened to her Wounds, now that it is known that they were natural Sores, caused by a cold Humour, wherewith her Brother the *Abbe* is likewise afflicted; 'tis plainly seen that these different Appearances of her Wounds were unavoidable.

MY DEAR FATHER,

IN the midst of a great Weakness to which I am reduced by a Complication of Diseases which encrease every Day, I, nevertheless, make this Effort to write these two Words to you, to desire you not to depend upon all that the *Lady Abbess* said last to you; for as soon as you was gone, she talked after such a Manner, as gave me to understand that she was far from intending what she had promised you. I desire you, nevertheless, my dear Father, to insist upon it, and to spare no Pains to obtain your Demand, which is so absolutely necessary to me, that you must infallibly expect my Death if I am deprived, as I am, of the holy Communion. In effect, you cannot believe the Torments and extream Anguish which I feel on those Days, as well in my Soul as Body. As for the latter, methinks I see it dissolve every Moment, on account of a Disorder I find in my Bowels, and the continual Loss of Blood wherewith I am afflicted, and which, far from abating, encreases every Day. Every Part of my Body is swelled by these severe Shocks, and especially my Legs, whose Bigness terrifies me with the Dread of what may follow. As to what relates to the Anguish of my Soul, wherewith I had the Honour to acquaint you the other Day, you informed me, that I ought to resign myself up entirely to the divine Spirit, as often as it is pleased to communicate itself to me; but I must

must tell you here, that this Morning at *Mattins*, when they were singing the *Te Deum*, as I sat upon my Form, and was resigning my self up as you had recommended to me, the *Lady Abbess* came, and laying hold on my Head and shaking it, told me aloud, that I ought not to sit during the *Te Deum*, and ordered me to stand up, which I did, indeed, but with incredible Pain, since I was forced, in spite of myself, to resist the internal Motions which I felt. Thus you see that it is impossible for me to follow your Counsel, and are sensible of the Pains which I must consequently expect more and more. I promised to write to you twice a Week, but I find myself so weak, so dejected, and afflicted with such a violent Pain in my Head, that I believe I shall not be able to keep my Word to you. I am even afraid that I shall not be able to write to you any more, if my Disorders should encrease, unless your Prayers should strengthen me, and you endeavour as soon as possible to obtain of the *Lady Abbess*, and the *Father Provincial*, that they would grant me the Relief that is necessary for my Cure. I hope you will have so much Goodness for me, and that in the holy Sacrifice of the Mass, you will enquire of the Lord if it is his Pleasure that I should remain in this Society. I must defer till my second Letter, (my Indisposition not allowing me to do it at present) the informing you of some Circumstances concerning the Festival of the *Sacred Heart of Jesus*, which

which it has pleased the Lord to impart to me. In the mean while I am always most respectfully in *Jesus Christ, my dear Father*,

Your most humble and most obedient Daughter,

MARY CATHERINE CADIERE.

P. S. Be not surpriz'd if my Brother the Abbe does not deliver you my Letter, because I could not get it finish'd 'till last Night on Account of my Indisposition. Offer, if you please, my Compliments to all the dear Family.

Letter from Father GIRARD to Mademoiselle CADIERE, dated at Toulon, June 15, 1730.

The Answer to the foregoing Letter, which is really full of a divine Spirit.

YOU ought to know full well, my dear Daughter, the Share I take in what relates to you, and may thereby judge what Care I shall take to ingage the Superior to grant at last what I desired of her; but you ought likewise to know, my poor Child, that such Things can only be accomplished fair and softly. I don't in the least doubt but your present Sufferings are one of the Ways of which Providence makes use to prevail more effectually, and more speedily, on the *Lady Abbess*, to consent at last to what you and I both desire. In the mean while, what Course is to be taken, my Child? There is no other Remedy but to resign yourself up entirely to the Will of our good God, and whatever he

does

does, whatever he permits, to acquiesce with his good Pleasure, being ready either to suffer, or even to dye, like a dumb Victim, if he should immediately require that Sacrifice at your Hands. Resign yourself up therefore, my dear Child, entirely to him; his past Goodness is an Assurance to you of his present Mercies; expect all Things of him with Submission and Confidence; only beg of him to inspire your Superiors with such Sentiments as may conduce to the accomplishing of his Designs upon you, to enlighten you as to your future Conduct, and to inspire me with such a Method of Direction as is proper for you. In the mean while let us both suffer quietly, and with Resignation, all that happens. Our Lord will manifest his Designs, and execute them too, whatever may be the Disposition of your Society. He has effected Things much more difficult; rely upon him; he never has failed you, nor he never will, provided you are faithful to him. The *Te Deum* is always sung standing; you was seized in the most delicate Circumstance of the Service; our Lord was willing thereby to give you a little Mortification; I gave you warning to expect it; improve it all to your Advantage. When without much * Struggle you can resist the Impressions of the Spirit [*during divine Service*] do it; if it is too difficult, resign yourself up to your good God, and at the same Time

leave

* This Roberts's Translator renders, *without any Struggle*, which is very different, and leaves out the Words, *Pendant Office, during divine Service*, which quite alters the Sense.

leave to him all the trifling Consequences. On other Occasions do not violently force the internal Spirit. This will cause you sometimes to be reprimanded and chid; but how can it be help'd, my dear Child? The Creature must be destroy'd, that it may live by the Life of *Jesus Christ*. Courage, in the Name of our Saviour, come, Child, let us not be discontented at any thing, but let us keep exactly our Promise to him, who has so scrupulously observed his, after having offer'd himself up to his Father at the Moment of his Incarnation, as the Victim of his Glory, and the Victim of our Sins. Never lose the Sight of him; this Object will support you, and render all Things tolerable, nay easy to you. † I have just thought, that if you should lye upon a Straw-bed, and should wear the Tunick, altho' it is not used in your House, you might perhaps have more Health; you may try in order to discover what the Lord requires of you. What am I doing, my dear Child? I would fain relieve you after any manner, and I am directing you to new Penance; you apprehend my Motive, and I have no Excuses to make to you thereupon. Forget not *Abraham*, and be *Isaac* to the End; it is not easy to decide which of them suffered most in the Sacrifice that was required of them. Spare me one, dear Daughter, against which I am no longer Proof; that is, to see you commit fresh Faults.

† One may see from hence that *Father Girard* was not *à laera Gallant*, nor a *Quietist*.

Faults. So many, and so signal Graces, so often multiplied, require absolutely of you a boundless Fidelity and Resignation, without Reflections, and without Hesitation; add not to so much Trouble as I have otherwise, and to that which your Pains in particular give me, the cutting Affliction of seeing you fail in your Duty to God, in any Point whatsoever. I love him, and I love you, sufficiently to be inconsolable at the least Failure which I should observe in you hereafter. No more of your own Will, Child; in the Name of *Jesus Christ*, forget yourself, and let God only appear. The Reason which you thought you had not to deliver your Papers * to me, was not a good one; I can easily distinguish what proceeds from God, and what from you. If I had not been afraid of urging you too much, I would have demanded them again, when you was come again to yourself; this is letting you know what you ought to do, and I promise it myself, from the Tractableness which you have protested to me a fresh. If you don't think of yourself all will go well; and can you in the least doubt, Child, but that you should by this time have been a thousand Leagues

* These Papers, which he had mentioned in the Letters before, were the Accounts of her Visions and Revelations, especially those which she pretended to have had the *Lent* before. Father *Girard* wanted to examine them at leisure, that he might thereby satisfy himself of *la Cadie's* Stare; but as Father *Cadiere* her Brother wrote them down but very slowly, his Sister was always seeking Excuses not to deliver these Writings to her Director.

N. B. This Note is left out in Mr *Roberts's*,

Leagues from yourself? Beg the same Grace for me. To-morrow I will offer you up with myself to God, in the Heart, and thro' the Heart of his dear Son, in the holy Mass which shall be said for us both; It is thither that I carry you, and there I always expect to find you; let us not depart thence, we shall be in him closely united now and for ever. Draw from thence the Strength whereof you stand in need; and obtain from thence for me the Lights that are necessary. Farewell, dear Child; I am entirely yours,

GIRARD, Jesuit.

Mademoiselle CADIERE's LETTER to
Father GIRARD, Ollioules, June
22, 1730.

This Letter, and that which follows from
Father Girard, were written the same Day, and
probably cross'd each other on the Way, wherefore
they have no Relation to each other.

MY DEAREST FATHER,

AS I am very impatient to receive some of your dear Letters, I send you this also, to conjure you not to refuse me this Consolation as soon as you think proper. I doubt not, dear Father, but the *Lady Abbess* has already written to you concerning me, and has at the same time acquainted you with my Indisposition, as she has hinted to me in her Discourse, but she is certainly ignorant of the Source of my Distemper. 'Tis true, indeed, that

that she perceived my spitting Blood, and my losing it otherwise, whereat she seem'd affrighted, as well as the Mistres of the Novices, who follows me very close, in order to discover the real Cause; but I don't think it proper to reveal to her the Mystery, the Knowledge whereof ought to be reserved for you alone. This, then, dear Father, is the real Origin and Source of my Illness. I inform'd you in my last, that ever since the Festival of *the sacred Heart of Jesus*, I felt within me an inward Fire that consum'd me. Last *Sunday* about ten at Night, just as I was getting into Bed, I felt the Ardour revive within me afresh with so much Violence and Force, or to speak more properly, with such strong Impressions of Love, accompanied with such a piercing Sorrow, that I could scarce breath and utter these Words; *Lord, forsake me not, in this State of mortal Agony.* I plainly saw my divine Saviour fasten'd to the Cross, as if he had just then been offer'd up as a Sacrifice; his Head hanging on one side, and all Bloody with the Crown of Thorns which pierced it in every Part; his Hands, his Feet, and his Side gushing out with Blood at the same time, gave me to understand that nothing but the Almighty Power of God could have supported his Body for three Hours in such exquisite Torments. At the Sight of this adorable Cross, I fell on my Face, to adore and embrace it, saying, that doubtless my Crimes and Unbelief had reduced him to

that

that State: But he answered me, that my Unbelief did not in the least contribute thereunto; * but that 'twas the Irregularities, and especially the Irreverence, the Sacrilege, and the continual Violations of their Duty in the Society where I was, which had put him to those cruel Sufferings of which I was then a Witness. Being in an infinite Consternation, I perceiv'd, as I arose, that the Merit of the Blood of *Jesus Christ* flowed abundantly upon me, and upon another Person whom I will name to you at a proper Time; and he told me, that he expected me to share with him in his Sacrifice, to expiate the Disorders of this Society, which was so far abominable to him as to require that Expiation. Scarcely had he pronounced these Words † when, all on a sudden, I perceived my Face quite covered with Blood, my two Hands pierced thro' and my Wounds, both in my Feet and Side, streaming with the same. Being frightened at such a Sight, I immediately took up some Linnen that was near me to stanch the Blood, and even apply'd a Plaister to the Sores. But I was immediately punish'd for my Unbelief,

by

* Probably being very desirous of leaving the Nunnery, she invented these abominable Impostures to give her Confessor an ill Opinion of it; but how durst her Brothers express themselves after such a manner?

† Who knew better than her Brothers that she never had any *Stigmata* in her Hands? Even those in her Feet were not above the Thickness of a Crown in Depth.

by the * Closing up of the Wound in my Side, and by an Inflammation about the Size of a new Crown round those in my Feet. I hope, dear Father, that by your Prayers, which I now desire more earnestly than ever, since my Illness grows still more violent, that you will join with me to repair my Disobedience, and atone for my Infidelity, which gives me infinite Sorrow. You cannot imagine the continual Pain I suffer for it, and there is none but you alone, (disobedient as I am in not following your Advice) who can obtain me the divine Mercy. I am persuaded you will not refuse your Assistance to your Daughter, who always professes herself most respectfully, and most intimately in the sacred Heart of Jesus, dear Father, your most humble, and most obedient Daughter,

MARY CATHERINE CADIERE.

P. S. Be pleas'd to give my humble Service to Mademoiselle Guiol.

* 'Tis seen again here why Father Girard thought he might give a look upon *la Cadriere's* Wounds without any Witness; he was willing to be satisfied whether they were natural or no. But how could her Brothers, who knew they were natural, write such Impostures.

LETTER

LETTER from Father GIRARD to Mademoiselle CADIERE, Toulon, June 22, 1730.

He exhorts her to the Practice of the highest Virtue.

MUST you oblige me again, my dear Child, to desire to hear from you, and to complain of your being so long silent: I am ignorant what may be the Cause, and 'tis this Uncertainty wherein I am on your Account which increases my Pain. Ought not you yourself to have informed me of what I have just learnt from a Letter of the *Lady Abbess*, which I found here at my Return from a Journey, which I took to *Hyerès*, for the Affairs of our Priory, and to preach a Sermon, viz. That you were indispos'd on *Monday*, and that the Spitting of Blood was return'd? If I am uneasy about your Health, I am yet more so about the State of your Soul, to which I am a Stranger. The *Lady Abbess* sent me Word, that your Family * having been on *Sunday* at *Ollioules*, had ask'd leave to carry you with them into the Country, and had obtain'd it against *St. John's Day*; and the Letter adds, that you did not relish this Journey, or the going out of the Convent. This Disposition

* Here Mr. Roberts's Translator, part 3. page 32. makes another gross Mistake, by making the Article (*elle*) which relates to *la Cadriere's* Family, relate to the *Lady Abbess*; so he makes the Abbess ask leave of them, whereas they desired the Favour of her.

Disposition on your Part is a real Pleasure to me, because I don't think that your going out, at least at present, and not having been in the Monastery but a Fortnight, can either be conducive to the Glory of God, to your own Good in particular, or to the Edification of the Society, nor even of the World, who will not fail to hear soon of such a Thing whenever it happens. Besides I should be afraid, that your Return to the Convent would again expose you to the same violent Assaults, which you had at first to encounter from the Enemies of your Salvation. This has induced me to speak to your Relations as warmly as possible, to dissuade them from this intended Journey. But as they are Persons of this World, upon whom certain Reasons make no Impression, and I find they are piqu'd at I know not what, I cannot tell whether I have prevail'd on them or not, to leave you at quiet in your Monastery, nor shall I know, till I am inform'd by their Behaviour, those two Days of the Festival. Recommend this Matter to your good God, and Pray for me. Present my very humble Respects to the Mistress of the Novices, which is really all I have to say to you. It is hard to write long Letters when one receives no Answer, and is ignorant of the State of the Person to whom I write one. Courage, my Child; observe well the Promises you have made so often before me to *Jesus Christ*, and be constantly faithful to him: The Blessings you have receiv'd from him, and which, no doubt,

he

he still continues to you, require on your Part a continual and boundless Compliance. *I am, in the Heart of our Lord, my dear Child, eternely yours,*
GIRARD *Jesuit.*

LETTER from Mademoiselle CADIERE
to Father GIRARD, June 28, 1730.

It contains only a long and tedious Chain of Impostures, of what she had suffered from evil Spirits.

MY DEAREST FATHER,

YOUR Letters strengthen me in a very particular Manner; I wish I were with you, to inform you of all the Miracles which Grace works in me every Day. Altho' I am, as you know, more closely united to you, than if I was continually with you, your Presence, nevertheless, would be absolutely necessary to apply speedy Relief to my perpetual Disorders, for what I suffer every Moment is beyond Man to bear. The Lord seems willing to inform me, more and more, of the Enormity of Sin, by giving me to understand that Offences are so much the greater in themselves, as the Persons who commit them are the more distinguished by their Rank and Profession, and 'tis by the Abundance of these Informations that he increases my Sufferings. Sunday Evening, about Six, being, with all my Sisters, in the Apartment of the Novices, our good God revealed to me an Affair which is transacting amongst the Regulars of the Order,

Order, discovering to me, likewise, the Heinousness thereof, which plunged me into an extreme Agony, in Proportion to the Outrage which was done to him, by discharging immediately upon me all his Vengeance and Fury, to the End that I might satisfy his Justice. For this Purpose he permitted the Fiends to come from their Abyss and fall upon me under the most horrible Shapes that could offer themselves to Imagination; they seem'd as wild Bulls, roaring Lions, and Serpents that hiss dreadfully. At the Sight of these odious Objects I fell backwards, void of Sense; then did they assault me with such Violence, that, undoubtedly, they had torn me in Pieces, had it been in their Power. All these frightful Apparitions threw me at length into a Convulsion Fit, which made me writhe my Body, Arms, and Hands, and shriek out with all my Might, like a distracted Creature; at the same time that the Tears stream'd down my Face; so exquisite were my Torments. This Fit lasted half an Hour, and without a Miracle, and the special Assistance of God, I should never have thought of being delivered from it; for towards the End of my Fit, I perceived *Jesus Christ* in his Glory, who declared to me, that he had been a Witness and Spectator of what had just pass'd, and gave me to understand, that he made Use of his Almighty Power only in forming Souls capable of sacrificing themselves to his Love, and to his Justice. Being entirely recovered from

from this Fit, I found, to my great Surprise, my Mistress, with all the Novices, kneeling around me, and at Prayers for my Deliverance, because they saw me in extreme Danger, altho' they were ignorant of the Cause. Then my Mistress told me, that this Fit was certainly the Effect of the Malice of some evil Spirits, assuring me, that she had experienc'd it herself. I retir'd then to my Chamber, very faint, and found my Skin flay'd off, and my Shift, as it were, glued to my Body with Blood. *I keep it for you carefully, dear Father, the first Time you come to see me; be more frequent, if you please, in your Prayers for me, since you see my Disorders are more violent, and more frequent. What comforts me, however, is, that in the midst of my Torments and Pains, the Lord makes me abundantly taste inexpressible Pleasures, Joys, and Graces, in all my Exercises in the Society, whether in the Choir, the Apartment of the Novices, or the Refectory; in a Word, he communicates himself to me every where, after the most comfortable Manner. I expect you, dear Father, as soon as possible, in order to impart to you a great many Things, of which Time will not allow me to inform you here; and am with a profound Respect,
and

* Father Girard never would see this Shift; it ought to be proved by the Proceedings, that *la Cadriere* had, at *Ollivoules*, some red Powder concealed in Linen, wherefore she was never at a Loss for Blood once a Month, or red Paint upon Occasion.

and perfect Union in the sacred Heart of *Jesus, dear Father, your most humble, and most obedient Daughter.*

LETTER from Father GIRARD to Mademoiselle CADIERE, Toulon, June 29, 1730.

This is an Answer to the foregoing; Father Girard, according to Custom, takes no Notice of her Visions, but only exhorts her to resign herself, in the midst of all her Troubles, to the Divine Providence, and gives her such Advice as is suitable to Persons of uncommon Virtue, such as he believed her then to be.

I Am as desirous, and as earnest as you, my dear Child, to be soon with you; and had determin'd to have come to *Ollioules* To-morrow, being *Friday*, but have been a little troubled since Yesterday, with a sore Throat, which makes me fear that we shall be both depriv'd of the Opportunity of talking together, and disclosing our Hearts to each other, so soon. I should not have much minded this slight Indisposition, and would come nevertheless, were I not to preach on *Sunday*, and this Sermon obliges me to keep some Measures, for fear of not being able to discharge my Duty at the *Visitation*. If my Illness abates, and the Hoarseness goes off, we will see each other To-morrow, with God's Help. You suffer, my poor Child, and you enjoy; therein you have an Advantage over the Blessed. I return Thanks with you to our divine

Master

Master for all the Mercies which he shows You, and I beseech him to continue to shower down upon you his choicest Blessings. Let him act as he pleases, Child on your part, and do you keep yourself submissive and tractable, ready to receive all his Impressions, that ought to be all your Care. As for the rest, never think of what passes in you, or around you, whether with respect to the Troubles or to the Blessings that befall you, but just as much as is necessary in order to give me an Account thereof. Trust always in the Goodness of *Jesus Christ*, and never fear his Enemies or yours, they will never be able to do any more than is permitted them, and even that will turn to their Confusion, to your own Advantage, to the Benefit of your Neighbour, and to the greater Glory of your dear Spouse. Continue to pray to him earnestly for me. I saw Yesterday at the *Visitation*, Sister *Mary-Joseph*, who recommends herself extremely to your Prayers. Beg of the Lord for her, that he would be pleased to manifest his holy Will, and give her the Ways and Means to accomplish his Designs. Pray also for Father *d'Albette*, who is gone to our Noviciat at *Avignon*, after having taken the Waters, which have done him no good, insomuch that he is now worse. I have not Leisure to say any more; farewell, dear Child; I am entirely yours in the Heart of *Jesus Christ*.

[C]

LET.

LETTER from Mademoiselle CADIÈRE
to Father GIRARD, dated from Ollioules,
July 3, 1730.

My dear Father,

I Send you this to thank you for all the Goodness which you are still pleas'd to continue to me; I wish it were in my Power to answer it in such a Manner as to make you Compensation; but God alone, my dear Father, will recompence you for all your Favours, seeing I am unable to make you any Retribution. Since our last Interview, I will tell you here, that at the Time that you was giving me the Absolution, the Lord having drawn me to himself, I had the Liberty to ask him the Grace that I might no longer think of myself; and since that Time he has so fully granted my Prayer, that I have entirely forgot myself, and that nothing here below is any longer capable of touching me. Methinks, even that I no longer live amongst Creatures, God alone possesses me wholly every Moment of the Day; and what is most particular, my dear Father, is, that what used to create most Uneasiness in me, now gives me no Pain at all. (*) You know that I was never better pleas'd, than when I could hide from the Society the particular Graces with which he vouchsafed to distinguish and favour me; and nevertheless at present I find no Pain in resigning myself up to the Spirit of God, which fills me with his Immensity like an Ocean, altho' I don't distinguish in particular what it is that takes up my thoughts; on the contrary I feel a Sort of inward Joy, on Account of the great advantages which I perceive accrue to the Society from the Mercies of the Lord, and because I am assur'd that he will receive all the
Glory

(*) 'Tis a notorious Lie; the contrary must appear from the Proceedings.

Glory that is due to him on that Account; and consequently that he will thereby finish the Work which he hath begun in me. I reserve till my next writing, something with which my Indisposition will not permit me to acquaint you: I beg you always to remember me in your Holy Sacrifices of the Mass; as for me, you ought to be persuad'd that I carry you always with me, and that I shall be perfectly united to you in the sacred Heart of Jesus,
Dear Father.

LETTER from F. GIRARD to Mademoiselle CADIÈRE, July 4, 1730

This is an Answer to the foregoing, and shows evidently with what Spirit F. Girard acted. It may be judged by this Letter, after what Manner he behaved himself in the Monastery at Ollioules, into which he entred three Days afterwards, and found la Cadere sick, or at least pretending to be so, and having besmear'd her Face with Blood.

MY God, what Pleasure do you give me, my dear Child, if it is true that our Lord has granted you the Grace to forget yourself entirely. How much at large will you soon be, how much Liberty will you enjoy, how speedily will our good Master hasten on his Work? Let him do all, my Child, and no longer stop his Hand, Time presses, and there is still a great deal to be done. The Society may do, may think what they please, *Mary-Catherine* must be all *Jesus Christ's*, or, rather, she must disappear, and be lost, that her Spouse alone may act, speak, and appear. What Good will not this divine Saviour work in the House where you are, when you are no longer animated but by him, and when you are only seen in him? Ah! my dear
C 2
Child,

Child, make Haste, die quickly. What a happy Life will ensue, and how great will be the Glory of the holy Love! Let him show the World how great is the Extent of his Goodness and Power, when he finds a Soul, which resigns itself up to his Spirit, and no longer regards that SELF which spoils, and usually checks his beneficent Hand. Beg earnestly, my Child, the same Favour of him for *John Baptist*. I have just received a Letter from abroad, which informs me of my Misery, and recalls to my Mind what I knew thereof before, and what I am already but too sensible of. Pray that the Advices which have been given me may not be to no purpose; I am very willing to do all, but in my present Incapacity, our Good God must do all in my stead; beg of him to hasten the Time of my Deliverance; 'tis great Cause of Grief and Confusion to know what is good, to relish it, to love it, to desire it, and nevertheless to find one's self always poor and miserable: Forgive me, Child, this Expression which you don't like, and see that I don't always speak it with Truth. If I set out for *Marseilles*, 'twill probably be on *Thursday* Morning; if I have time I will, as I pass by, bid you Good-morrow, at present I wish you Good-night. Farewel, my dear Child; *I am entirely Yours in the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ.*

LETTER from Mademoiselle CADIÈRE,
to F. GIRARD, Ollioules, July 9, 1730.

My Dear Father,

YOUR Conversation strengthens me after a very particular Manner, and the Lord crowns it with a Blessing which cannot meet with any where else. Return him Thanks, my dear Father, for the Wonders which he is pleased to work in me, and the

the Mercies which he has heaped upon me. On *Saturday* last during the Celebration of Mass, I felt myself seiz'd with a divine Transport, which made such a violent Impression upon me, that it struck me at once to the Ground; For how is it possible to support in this Life what the Blessed alone are able to sustain in Heaven? I cannot express myself farther, but leave to him who only has the Knowledge thereof to ascribe to himself the Glory which he deserves, inasmuch as finding myself unable to receive the Sacrament with the Society, (*) he himself condescended to give it me in a Manner worthy of himself. From that Time, my dear Father, I find myself in the Abyss of the Deity, who is all my Happiness, my Joy and my Martyrdom; at one, and the same Time; which, if it continues, gives me Reason to believe that I shall not live long, but from the Shadow shall soon transmigrate to the Substance. The same Happiness is, I foresee, in Store for you, if you are faithful to him, as I beg continually of the Lord, whether for you or for myself. As to what relates to the Affair of the Guardian of *Ollioules*, you know that the Lord has reveal'd many things to me on his Account, and 'tis Time to accomplish his Designs, if you think proper. You will do me a Pleasure in letting me know your Opinion thereupon as soon as possible, before you set out for *Marseilles*, because he has desired to have some Discourse with me. Recommend to our good God the success of the Affair, and endeavour to pass by here, in your Way to *Marseilles*, in order to determine what Method is to be taken. In case, however, you cannot do it, send me Word in your Letter how long you shall stay there, that I

C 3

may

(*) If F. Girard had given her the Sacrament whilst he was at *Toulon*, as they make him say very falsely, would she have written after this Manner? Or, would she have needed to have inform'd him?

may be able to write to you, and that you may always partake of the fresh Mercies which it shall please the Lord to shower down upon me. My dear Brother will deliver you a Letter for Madame Pifcatory, to whom I beg you to give my humble Respects, exclusive of my Letter, not forgetting Mademoiselle Guiol. Give me leave to tell you here, that God seems to require some Penance of me, proportionable to my Weakness, vouchsafe to give your Consent thereto, whereby you'll oblige her who professes herself; in him, who is all, *Dear Father,*

Your most humble and most obedient Daughter,

MARY-CATHERINE CADIERE.

LETTER from F. GIRARD to Mademoiselle CADIERE, Toulon July, 14, 1730.

I suffer very much, my dear Child, on hearing that you suffer; and I suffer yet the more, because I cannot give you any Relief, nor see you so soon as I could wish. Our Lord will support you by his holy Grace, and me too, if it be his Will. Let him do his Work, and accomplish his Designs both upon the one and the other. I have been told that one of my last Letters has given you Uneasiness; I said nothing, in my Opinion, which ought to have caused you any. (*) There is no doubt but you may eat either Soup made of Meat, (†) or Meat itself, if

(*) La Cadriere was not willing to stay any longer in the Convent, and pretended to prove, that our Lord design'd her not to continue there, by his making it impossible for her to abstain from Meat, which they do all the Year round in the Monastery of St. Clare.

(†) Mr. Roberts's Translator has mistaken his Author again here, and renders (*prendre du bouillon gras, & manger de la Viande*, you may eat Flesh, Soup, and Meat,) as if there was any difference between *Flesh* and *Meat*, whereas (*gras* is an Adjective that agrees with *bouillon*, and signifies *Soup*, or *Broth*, made of *Meat*, which was equally forbidden.

if you can eat at all, and your good God leaves you at Liberty. (*) Send me an Account of your broken Rib, and of all that passes in particular. I hope to come and see you on *Wednesday* or *Thursday* next, and to be at *Ollioules*, at seven, in order to say Mass to you, if the Lord pleases, and to give you afterwards the Communion; if you want to be reconciled first, you must prepare for it. The good Master whom we serve will tell you which of the two Days will be best, and inform you of his Designs upon us two, whereof send me Word; but do it before *Monday* Evening, because I may chance to lie that Night at our Country-House, and they won't find me here; I will order Matters according to your Answer, either of these Days being equal to me. Farewel, my dear Child, I do not bid you pray for me, that you do already; but continue so to do, and obtain for me what is necessary, that is asking a great deal; Good-night, Daughter, *I am entirely yours in Jesus Christ.*

LETTER from F. GIRARD to Mademoiselle CADIERE, July 16, 1730.

This is an Answer to a Letter of Mademoiselle Cadriere's, which this Father could not produce, for Reasons mention'd in the Reflections preceding this Collection; it is easily seen by this Answer what was the Purport thereof.

I Have preach'd this Afternoon, as you know, my dear Child, and am weary, but your Mother having deliver'd me your Letter this Evening, I could not forbear writing one Word to you, before I went

C 4

to

(*) It was not enough for *la Cadriere* to have two Ribs rais'd above the rest, as she pretended, by the Violence of Divine Love, but her Ribs must break also.

to Bed. (*) I suffer with you, I have already told you so, my dear Child, let us both enter into the Designs of our good God, and sacrifice ourselves entirely to him. What ought to comfort you infinitely, my dear Angel, in the midst of your Sorrow and Desolation is, that you are with him who afflicts you, that he loves you, and you love him. Why can't he who writes this say as much! But take Care, dear Child, that nothing slips from you which is contrary to the Will of our great Master; || never say, *I will not, I'll not do it*. The holy Love would be greatly offended by this Resistance; and I love my God well enough, to be infinitely grieved at such a Fault in you, if you were capable thereof. If Nature should strongly oppose the Designs of God, be contented at least to say, I will endeavour to do it, I will consider of it; but in the Lord's Name never be guilty of a downright absolute Denial. Will you not, my Daughter, consent to what I advise you, what seems to me most for the Glory of *Jesus Christ*, for your own Benefit, and for the Advantage of your Neighbour? You have often promised me no more to have any Will of your own. Always remember that the Favours received, and the Designs of God upon his little Creature, demand an absolute Submission, and an entire Resignation of yourself into his Hands. You ought to have inform'd me in two Words what you imagin'd would be required of you, you might have written that as soon as the rest; and that Suspence, wherein you commonly leave me

(*) *La Cadiere* makes him always believe that she suffers greatly, to induce him to consent to her leaving the Monastery; but he would never be imposed upon in that Point, as will be seen in the Sequel.

(||) *F. Girard* cou'd not bear his Penitent's having taken an absolute Resolution to leave the Convent on Pretence of her Disorders, and her not being able, as she pretended, to abstain from Meat, which she would have had pass for a Miracle.

me, puts me in Pain. Courage, Child, the Time is short, let us make haste to go, to give, to leave, you will have a long Time to enjoy. I thought you would have fix'd the Day, which might be the most agreeable to the Designs of God, for my coming to see you. As you leave me to my Liberty, and I find you are in Pain, it shall be on *Wednesday* Morning very early; if our Lord should have given you any new Instructions thereupon, send me Word by a Note this Evening, and then I will defer it till *Friday*, because (*) I believe the *Great Vicar* will come on *Thursday* to take your Deposition. Good-night, dear Child, I am with you, and with you, more then I can express. May God glorify himself in the Daughter, and the Father, *Amen*.

P.S. My most humble Respects to the Lady Abbes, and the Lady de l'Escot.

LETTER from Mademoiselle CADIERE, to F. GIRARD, Ollioules, July 21, 1730.

This Letter, and the following, are absolutely necessary for the understanding F. Girard's Answer, in the famous Letter of July 22, which la Cadiere kept, and produced in Court.

I Have not had one Moment's Leisure since our parting; these two last Nights in particular, the Lord has communicated himself to me with such Profusion, that I verily thought I had anticipated my eternal Happiness. During the whole Time, I enjoy'd such consummate Felicity, was sensible of such exalted Graces, and discover'd such immense, such infinite, such incomprehensible Joys, that the utmost Extent of human Capacity, and even the highest Intelligences cannot express it,

C 5

or

(*) There was at that Time a Cause depending in the Bishop's Court, wherein *la Cadiere* and several others, were summon'd to appear as Witnesses.

or give the least Idea thereof. On my coming out of this State, which continued no short Time, and which was about three o'Clock, I found myself, at five in the Morning, with my Face all cover'd with Blood. Thank the Lord, my dearest Father, for the great Mercies which he vouchsafes to continue to me, and endeavour for your Part to be more and more faithful to him, to the end that we may partake of the same Felicity. (*) As to the Sacrifice which you require of me, I cannot express all that I suffer, and all that I have still to suffer; were I to listen to Temptation, I should find myself disposed twenty Times to retract my Promise; but feeling myself strengthen'd by very particular Graces from the Lord, I find I have Courage enough not to do any thing contrary to his Will, and even to fulfil it in all, and every where. After your going from hence the Father Confessor of the Monastery came to see me, and complement me in the Bishop's Name, as likewise to communicate to me three Cafes, wherein he begg'd me to take some Concern, and to impart to him the Lights that might be necessary in a Letter, which he desir'd I would write to him; he also told me that he would come very soon, and give me the Communion with his own Hand. For this Reason (†) I don't think it proper, my dear Father, either to write or disclose my Thoughts to him upon that Head. Spare me, dear Father, I beg it of you as a Favour, at least during my Life, and endeavour if possible to divert the Bishop from such

(*) It may be seen by what has been said above, and will be seen yet better in the Sequel, that by this Sacrifice she means the Sacrifice she pretended she made of herself in communication to F. Girard her counterfeit Lent Revelations. The real Reason was, that her Brother the Dominican had not as yet written them.

(†) Whilst thro' an affected Humility she wrote this to her Confessor, she never left teasing the Bishop by her Brothers to visit her; however, he did not till the 25th of August.

a Design, wherein I take no great Pleasure. I receiv'd a Visit from your dear Daughter, she will tell you by word of Mouth, what I cannot inform you here by Writing. In the mean while I am, with a perfect Submission, and strict Union in *Jesus Christ*,
dear Father,

Your most humble and most obedient Daughter.

LETTER from Mademoiselle CADIERE
 to Father GIRARD, Ollioules, July 22. 1730.

My dearest Father,

I Received your Letter with still new Pleasure: I did myself Yesterday the Honour to write to you, by *Mademoiselle Guisol, en passant*, I mean after a concise Manner, but this will make amends for the last. *Thursday* Evening about five, being in the Choir with my Sisters, I had a Vision of *Jesus Christ* crucified, which sorrowful and afflicting Sight to me, plung'd me in a mortal Agony, which lasted till *Friday* Evening about five, when the Lord drew me to him after such a particular Manner as I had never before experienced. For, God the Father * appeared to me and gave me to understand that he had united me to himself from all Eternity, to associate me in the particular Designs which he had upon his Son, for the Redemption of Mankind, the Increase of his Glory, and to be the Object of his Condescension. That same Night being at Supper, with the Victuals in my Mouth, I swooned away, and God that Moment manifested to me the Recompence which he destin'd for our Superior. I also discover'd the Glory which *Mary Magdalen* enjoy'd, that dear Lover of *Jesus Christ*, and found
 that

* All that Father Girard cou'd understand by this Nonsense, was, that God wou'd make her the Means of the Conversion of some Sinners. He had not as yet receiv'd the *Lent* Journal, which undeceiv'd him.

that she possess'd the Place which *Lucifer* had lost. Then having perceiv'd the Three adorable Persons of the Holy Trinity, they declared to me† that except *Mary* the Mother of *Jesus Christ*, they had never honoured or heaped upon any earthly Creature so many Favours and Graces as upon *Mary-Catherine*. At the same Moment I perceiv'd that the Father and the Son held in their Hands a Crown whose Beauty and Splendor I cannot express to you, because it is beyond all human Expression; and finding myself rais'd to such a Degree of Glory, I heard these Words; *Daughter, receive this Crown of Immortality and Glory, which I have design'd you from all Eternity*. This, dear Father, is the justest Account I can give you in my present Condition. This Morning I did not indeed receive yours till ten; but before, about eight, I was warn'd inwardly to unite myself to you, in order to thank the Lord for the Mercies which he vouchsafes to each of us. As to ---- I must tell you that he has recommended to me his Niece's Marriage, an Affair, of Piety, and in particular, a Family Affair, and his own Conversion; begging me to inform him what God requires of him. Accordingly I have pray'd to him, and he has discover'd to me that the Niece's Marriage was not agreeable to him; but as to the Affair of Piety, it has been reveal'd to me, that he ought to attend it with all the Care that is proper in such Cases. As for himself, I have been inform'd many Things, which require that he shou'd say Mass extraordinarily once a Week, (in order by that means to obtain such Graces, as he cannot obtain by any other)

† Father *Girard*, in his first, Visit did not fail reprimanding his Penitent sharply for an Expression so extravagantly vain, whereupon she excus'd herself, by saying, that it was her Folly in not expressing herself better, for she only meant that she had receiv'd more Graces than many Saints; but how can her Brothers excuse themselves for writing such Extravagancies?

other) altho' he should at the same time be obliged by his Function to celebrate it every Day. I cou'd tell you several other Things relating to him, but will pass them over here in Silence. Endeavour only to do what you have promis'd, and to prevent his coming to see me. I am not surpriz'd at your telling me that I am not discreet, for I have long been asham'd of your bearing so much with me, and of my being so imperfect, and so wanting in my Duty to the Lord: Obtain for me by your Prayers the Grace to amend myself. You know that I am obliged to eat Meat on *Fridays* and *Saturdays*, it being impossible for me to eat the Diet of the Convent for the future; which ought to convince you of the Will of the Lord. I am urg'd to tell you, that since you will have Miracles, you shall have them to satisfy you upon this Head ||, tis true, I shall be the Victim thereof, but no matter, so you are contented. As to the *Father Guardian*, with whom I have had a very long Conference, I am very well pleas'd with him and his Disposition; endeavour to unite yourself with me to the Lord, to the End that he may continue him more and more in the good Sentiments which he has at present; I am, in impatient expectation of your Answer, always closely united to you in the sacred Heart of *Jesus, dear Father,*

Your most humble and most obedient Daughter.

P. S.

|| Father *Girard* was not to be mov'd by this pretended Miracle of her being unable to eat the Diet of the Convent, but required of *la Cadiere* some more certain Proofs, to satisfy him that God wou'd no longer have her continue in a *State*, to which he had himself call'd her, as is to be seen in her *Lent Journal*. 'Twas his requiring this Proof, which makes her say here, that since he insisted upon Miracles he shou'd have them. This Miracle, which was promis'd so boldly, must have been some pretended Illness; how then could she say, that she shou'd be the Victim?

P. S. *Be pleased to tell Mademoiselle Reboul, to come to me on Tuesday next, without fail, for the Good of her Soul.*

LETTER from Father GIRARD, to
Mademoiselle CADIERE, dated at Toulon,
July 22, 1730.

This is the famous Letter of Father Girard, which has made so much Noise, and which la Cadriere had kept, with design, no doubt, to produce it in Court, as a decisive Proof of the Accusation which she was preparing against him. However it be, at present that it is here restored to its proper Place, and one is enabled to judge of its true Sense, by the foregoing Letters, and those that follow, there is no Body who can be mistaken therein. What is surprizing is, that la Cadriere's Brothers who composed the Letters, and their Advocate, who has seen the Proceedings where all these Letters are inserted, should dare, in the State of the Case, to put an ill Construction upon this, contrary to the known Truth.

We shall not make any Reflexions upon this Letter, because they would carry us too far, and are at present to no Purpose; its real Meaning, which cannot be suspected of Artifice, ought to be taken from la Cadriere's two foregoing Letters, to which this is an Answer, and from the subsequent Letter wherein she, or rather her Brothers, reply to this.

THIS, my dear Child, is the third Letter in three Days; endeavour to obtain me Time, God be praised, I shall in a little Time perhaps be able to do nothing for any one but her to whom I write.
This

This I know, at least, that I carry her with me every where, and that she is always with me, altho I converse, and do Business with others. I return the Lord a thousand Thanks for the Continuance of his Mercies. In Answer to them, my dear Child, * forget yourself and be passive; these two Words include the most sublime Disposition. Say not a Word of what the Bishop recommended to you; we shall see all they can say or do. He is arrived here this Morning, and I have already spoken to him of you occasionally. I don't think he will come to Ollioules: I have given him to understand, that the Noise such a Step would make, was not convenient: Perhaps I may speak to him occasionally about the holy Mass. The Great Vicar and F. Sabatier, will probably come to visit you on Monday; the latter, after I had talk'd with him, gave me to understand that he would ask you no Questions. But if by Chance, † either the one or the other should think fit to do it, even in the Bishop's Name; or should desire to see any thing, you need only answer, that you are strictly enjoined neither to speak nor act. Eat Flesh, just as you please, I have already told you so; yet, my dear Child, I have need of Assurance, but you shall not fall a Victim to it: Have no Will of your own, neither give Way to any Reluctancy, you shall obey in all things like my little Daughter, who finds nothing difficult when 'tis her Father that requires it. || I have a great Longing to see you again, and
to

* He means, that she ought to be more resign'd to the Pains she pretended to suffer.

† We see here by the Secrecy which her Director recommends to her, and which was so necessary to keep her humble, that 'twas not Father Girard who would have had her thought a Saint.

|| La Cadriere call'd her pretended Stigmata, her Blessings; and

to see all; you know I only ask what is my own, and 'tis a long time since I have seen any thing but by Halves. I shall fatigue you; Well, and don't you fatigue me also? It is just that we should go Halves in all. I know well that you will grow discreet at last; so many Graces, and so much Counsel will not be lost. I am glad you are satisfi'd with the Father Guardian, I will recommend him to our good God; do not, for your Part, forget my Patient, my Sister, and the other Persons whom I have recommended to you. Mademoiselle Guil found you Yesterday dying, and your Brother just now tells me that you are extraordinary well; you are an Inconstant; 'twould be much worse if you should become a Glutton. Patience; I was willing to know if abstaining from Flesh could be supported; Time will inform us. Always begin these Days of Abstinence by conforming to the Diet of the Convent; if you can't get it down, or if it immediately comes up again, eat Meat directly; follow this Rule; we shall discover our Master's holy Will. If you must leave the Monastery, it will be a new and very great Affliction both to you, and to me; but our good Master be blest, we will be submissive, and consent to all Things. Good Night, my dear Child; can you decypher my Scrawl? Reckon right; these Letters tell you, that you are always in Arrears; and you are in Danger of never being out of my Debt, unless you write twice a Day. Farewel, Child; pray to God for your Father, your Brother, your Friend, * your Son, and your Servant; these sure are Tyes sufficient to engage a generous Heart.

and in order to flatter her Confessor, used to say, that it was to his Care and Prayers, that she was indebted for so many Graces: Father Girard had not seen her Wounds for a long Time.

* Father Girard's Humility, and the Esteem he even then had of his Penitent's extraordinary Virtue, made him use this Language.

LETTER

LETTER from Mademoiselle CADIERE,
to Father GIRARD, Ollioules, July 25, 1730.

This is an Answer, and a compleat Justification,
of the foregoing Letter.

My dearest Father,

I Receiv'd your last with Pleasure on one hand, because it gives me an Account of one so dear to me, but not without some Pain on the other, since you give me to understand that by my Indiscretion, I consume great Part of your precious Time. But God be prais'd, I shall be more careful to husband it for the future; that however will not prevent my carrying you with me every where, being so dear to me as you are. As to my Disposition, I bless the Lord for your great Courage in exhorting me more and more to Perseverance. Victories I find are pleasing to you, and quicken your Zeal; but perhaps the Conflict would terrify you. As for the rest, be assured that I will exactly follow your Orders: As to what regards the Bishop, you may do as you think proper. I expect you impatiently, to determine with you the most suitable Methods for this Purpose; I am charm'd with your having diverted him from his Design. If the Great Vicar, and F. Sabatier, should come to see me To-morrow in his Name, to oblige me to declare any thing, they may depend upon it beforehand, that they will take a Journey to no Purpose; being resolv'd to do nothing but with your Consent and Privity. You tell me I may eat Meat; I have follow'd your Advice for some Days, finding it impossible to conform to the Diet of the House, being oblig'd to throw it up as soon as I have swallow'd it. It is no longer possible for me to abstain from Meat, even on *Fridays* and *Saturdays*, which convinces me that Providence calls

calls me elfewhere. You tell me upon that Head, that you have need of Assurance; that I should neither give Way to my Will, nor to any Reluctance; and that I shall not fall a Victim thereunto, I am willing to submit, like a little Girl, to my Father's Orders; but depend on it, it will cost us both dear. I have been promis'd, as I have already told you, that since you insisted upon Miracles, you should have them, to convince you of your little Faith; but that you shall have the Affliction to see me all cover'd over with dreadful and extraordinary Sores, which shall put the whole Art of Physick to a Stand, and which my going out alone shall make vanish in an Instant. I submit, however, to all these Trials, if you are resolv'd upon it: I expect you impatiently, to satisfy the Longing you have to see me. Be in no Concern for my Blessings, they are entirely devoted to you; come as soon as possible, and satisfy your little Curiosity; but upon Condition, that my Submission shall make Compensation once for all for your Trouble, and that you shall not reckon any more so exactly with me for the future. Perhaps my Obedience will give you Occasion to retract your little Reproaches on that Head. Continue always to remember the Father Guardian in your Prayers. I will not forget, on my Part, the Persons whom you have recommended to me; 'tis enough that you are concern'd for them, to make me mindful of them. As to my Inconstancy, blame him whom I serve, who turns me where he will, and as he will. Your Advice has contributed not a little to bring me to this State, as you know. For the rest, as to this Article, I forgive you freely, because it is past Cure; but if I should become a Glutton, remember I will never pardon you, because it will be your Fault. 'Tis impossible for me to conform any longer to the Diet of the House, as you desire; I have told you the

Reasons,

Reasons, wherefore consider of it seriously, that all may be acceptable to the Will and Glory of God. As to your Letters, I know well I am in Arrears; but in the continual State of Pain wherein I am, I do my utmost, nor do I reckon after you. Do the same on your Side, and be satisfy'd with my good Will: They who can write the most, will have the most Merit. I hope you will do me this Justice, as well as the Justice to believe that I am closely united to you in the sacred Heart of Jesus.

Dear Father, your most humble, and most obedient Daughter.

LETTER from Father GIRARD to
Mademoiselle CADIERE, Toulon, July 26,
1730.

La Cadiere cou'd no longer support the Constraint of the Monastery, and resolv'd to leave it at all Hazards, insomuch that she had determin'd to retire to a Country-House. Accordingly she informs her Brother the Abbe of her Intent, that he might dispose her Mother and her Confessor thereunto, which last was much alarmed thereat, as it appears by this Letter which he wrote to her upon the Spot, and which is full of the Spirit of God. One may see therein plainly that the Expressions which he used in his Letter of July 22, were far from being design'd as Gallantry.

I Had been for two Days in extraordinary Pain upon your Account, and your Brother has just now rais'd my Sorrow to the Height, by informing of the Disposition wherein he left you this Afternoon. And what is it then, my Child, which on a sudden can have extinguish'd all your pious Sentiments, and have robb'd you of that Courage, which till

till now you have shown, in obeying the Will of God, and submitting implicitly to his Directions? You are vex'd that certain Things are divulg'd, and must you for that Reason leave the Monastery? Is not this a shameful Reason for a Soul which ought to forget itself, and only think of the Interests of its Spouse? What has happen'd since Yesterday so mortifying, as to determine you to make such a rash Resolution, and neglect all the Rules of good Sense, Reason, Prudence, and Virtue? Father *Sabatier* and the Bishop are inform'd thereof, it is not my Fault, I cou'd tell whose it is; but what harm is there in these two Persons knowing what they had heard before, and what an hundred silly Women had been told before them? In good earnest, dear Daughter, is that a Reason sufficient to induce you to talk as you did to your Brother, and to put yourself so out of Temper that you could not write so much as one Word to me? What! without so much as ever consulting me, do you insist upon their coming and fetching you away To-morrow, and affirm, that otherwise you shall be dead! Is it God's Will that you shou'd come out? I have told you that I consent. As I conducted you where you are by his Order, I am ready to bring you back by his Order, as soon as I receive it. But does ever God command us to act with Precipitation, especially in such Cases, and to leap, as it were, the Walls of a Convent? It is but three Days since you wrote me word that God permitted you to stay a Fortnight, or at most a Month longer in the Monastery; What has happen'd suddenly to oblige you to leave it To-morrow? Once more, it cannot be the Will of God. I say nothing to you of my Interest, that ought not to be so much as mention'd; but your Reputation, which you are not allow'd to Sacrifice in an essential Point like this, will not suffer you to take such a wrong Step as this which you seem to think on;

and

and then the Glory of God, the Honour of Virtue, and the Grace of *Jesus Christ* absolutely forbid it. The Devil, by this Temptation, is making his utmost Efforts to render barren and unfruitful the good beginnings of your Society, in order to scandalize all religious Persons extremely, and not without foundation; to render the Practice of Virtue and the Gifts of Heaven contemptible; to be a Cause of Laughter to Libertines, and confirm them in their Debaucheries; and 'tis you who will become the Instrument of these accursed Works, after having offer'd yourself a thousand Times to *Jesus Christ* to support his Interest and Glory. Ah! my dear Child, I cannot believe this; if it be true, all your past Conduct must have been owing to *Hypocrisy, Dissimulation, Artifice, Lies, and diabolical Malice*; as the World will be in the right to conclude, and infallibly will conclude, from your taking such a singular Step, so unseasonably, when no body has the least room to expect it. But wou'd I then have you to fall a Victim, What Answer shall I make you, my dear Child; and are you actually in a Temper to hear what I can say? No, I don't intend you shall fall a Victim; read my last Letter over again upon this Head; I wou'd have you behave yourself discreetly, and do nothing but as God directs. You will suffer; you shall not then suffer alone. You suffer'd greatly in order to manifest the Designs of our Lord concerning your going into the Convent; why will you not bear a little, if our Master pleases, upon your coming out? I wou'd have you die; am I then as yet no better known to you? Besides, can the good God give me no other Assurances of his Pleasure than by crucifying you? But are we to prescribe what Means he shall employ? Did you ever repent following my Advice, when you have been compos'd? There wou'd not have been so much Noise now, had I been exactly obey'd

obey'd in every respect. Wou'd it be a good Way to put an End to it, by hurrying away to your Country House? Is that Place more retir'd than a Monastery? And will not the World have much more Reason to cry out, and that after a Manner much less favourable to you, much more dishonourable to Virtue, and much more disadvantageous to the Glory of the great God, which you have consented to promote by all Manner of Means? This is a gross Temptation; God preserve you from taking a rash Step, whose Consequencce may be irrevocable to Religion and to you, and the Remembrance of which would give me such a Wound as wou'd hasten me to my Grave: 'Tis your Father who speaks to you, my Child, and perhaps for the last Time: 'Tis but a Day since you wou'd hearken to his Voice, will you stop your Ears against it to Day? I cannot believe it, and depend upon your sending me a Line to dispel my Fears. Had I been at liberty, I had flown to you; I hope to see you again submissive and tractable; speak not of any thing to any one, as I have often warned you; but especially be very secret as to your leaving the Monastery. Let us pray together, and beg the Lights whereof we stand in need. I cannot think that so many Mercies receiv'd from God, and so many Protestations made to his Minister, will at last produce only a Wretch faithless and ungrateful to her Spouse, and to her Father. Farewel, my Child, I am entirely yours, if you will be entirely God's.

LETTER from Mademoiselle CADIERE
to Father GIRARD, dated from Ollioules,
June 29, 1730.

*This is an Answer to the foregoing Letter,
which is very proper to justify Father Girard;*
and

and shews evidently, that those Letters of his own
which he produced, are not forged.

My dearest Father,

PERmit me here to disclose my Heart to you, and inform you of the Tranquillity which I at present feel. I am infinitely troubled at my having been heretofore unfaithful to the Divine Spirit; at my not having hearkened to your Voice; nor having improv'd by your salutary Counsel. The Spirit of Truth has at present shewn me my Error, and my Wandering. I was willing, as I am sensible at present, to my great Sorrow, to have gratify'd only my own Senses, and to have comply'd with my own Interests; or, to speak more properly, to have given Way to the Delusions of the Devil, who had so fascinated the Eyes of my Understanding and my Heart, that I thought I was obeying the Will of God, and executing his Designs, at the same Time that I was straying widely from him. I am grieved thereat, as much as 'tis possible for a Soul that is faithful to the Lord; and am sensible of my Fault in wandering from the Way which you have so often prescrib'd me; but be assured, once for all, that I will, for the future, give you Proofs of my Repentance, by an implicate Obedience to your Orders, and a perfect Submission to your Advice. The Lord has evidently shown me the Greatness of my Offence, and I have had Time enough to bear all the Penance which he required of me for my Want of Fidelity. Nevertheless, infinite Thanks to his Holy Name, he has, since your Departure, restored me two-fold the Strength and Courage which I had lost; and has heaped upon me such a Profusion of new Graces, that were it possible for me to destroy and annihilate myself, I would do it with all my Heart, to enjoy for ever that infinite Bliss, that immense Happiness, and those endless Joys which I continually

continually taste within. Return thanks to the Lord, dear Father, for the Blessings which he vouchsafes to shower upon me, tho' ungrateful, unworthy, and rebellious to his Commands; beg of him in your Holy Sacrifices of the Mass, that he wou'd continue his Mercies unto me, that he wou'd deliver me from the Wiles of the Enemy of my Salvation, who seeks only my Destruction, and to make Libertines Triumph; beg that he wou'd never deliver me up to my own Direction, weak as I am, and as I have had the Grief to Experience, to my Shame and Confusion. I hope, dear Father, that you will not refuse your poor Child this Consolation, for the Support of her Soul, the Glory of God, and the Manifestation of his Gifts. Be assured that, on my Part, I will not forget you, and that I will always offer you up to him who is *All in All*, in order to procure you new Strength, and new Lights, to direct her who is closely united to you, in the adorable Heart of *Jesus Christ, dear Father,*

Your most humble and most obedient Daughter.

LETTER from Father GIRARD to Mademoiselle CADIERE, Toulon, July 30, 1730.

One may see in this Letter the true Spirit wherein Father Girard directed la Cadriere.

AFTER having written a Word to you this Morning, my dear Daughter, I sent one to your House, who brought me your Letter of the 29th; so there is one lost Sheep found again*; but I have

* I take this to be the Sense of, *envoila done une de retrocer*, as 'tis in Answer to a Letter, wherein she owns her Faults, repents, and promises Amendment; for had he meant only a Letter, he would have express'd himself otherwise.

not

not seen your first Letter; that must be as the Lord pleases. I don't well know what you have thought and felt upon my Account, during this fatal Week, which is just past; but nothing, I confess to you, ever made me so sensible that I was a Father: However it be, dear Child, forget your Fault, as I forget it, and let it never be mention'd more; only reap that Fruit from thence which God would have you reap, to be more upon your Guard against Honour, not to suffer yourself to be prepossessed, never to proceed hastily either in speaking, acting, or judging, but to resign yourself up every where entirely to God's good Pleasure; and, in all that happens, to keep your Eye only upon his paternal Providence, against which it is not lawful for us, I don't say to rebel, but even so much as to reason. The Devil lies constantly in Ambush, and pursues nothing so eagerly as those Souls upon whom our Lord casts an Eye of Mercy. These are, says the Prophet, Tit-bits which he loves, and one Victory which he gains over such Souls in mere Trifles, is more sweet, more savoury to him, than a hundred Assaults wherein he triumphs over greater Sinners. Learn from thence, dear Child, how diffident we ought to be of ourselves, with what Vigilance we ought to walk, what Reasons we have to be always more lowly, more humble, and more obedient. 'Tis the lowly, and obedient, says the wise Man, who will triumph. You never had any Cause to repent, but when you would follow your own Inclination in any thing whatever, and gave Way to Reluctancies. Forget yourself then, my dear Child, once more I repeat it, and resign yourself up implicitly to the Direction of this Good and Powerful God, with whom you have been so well pleas'd, when you have left him to operate. I beseech him always to hold you by the Hand, and I render him a thousand Thanks for revenging himself upon you only by new Favours

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yours

vours. Let us conclude more and more, how much we are to blame for withdrawing ourselves from his easy Government, to hearken to those who are both his Enemies and ours. Father *Grignet* will probably come on *Tuesday* to see you, but don't give or shew him any thing; speak to him as you find yourself directed, but soberly, and above all, not one Word of what is to come. To this End let us pray frequently, and be absolutely silent. Leave this Father, on that Day, when you are wanted to assist at the Exercises of the Society; both Edification and your Duty require it; I will speak to him about it previously, and desire him not to weary you. When you write to me, close your Letters with a Wafer, and always use a Seal. * In a little time I shall not know who to trust, and I have Reason to believe that your Letter has been open'd; you may give your Packet to *Mademoiselle Guiol*. Send me Word when, and how your Blessings returned. I beseech him, who is the only Source thereof, to shower them down upon you in yet greater Abundance, and that this Suspension, which had been put thereunto by your Faults, may be like a Dam broken at last down, after which the Waters overflow, and bear down all before them. Oh! Why are we not entirely his, who ought to possess us by so many Titles! Beg this Grace of him for me, as I ask it of him for you. Farewel, my dear Child, doubt no more, distrust no more, neither hearken to yourself any more; and whatever is required of you, think always that it is not enough for this great God who deserves all, after having given all. I am in him all that you have thought me in the most happy and most serene Days.

* Father *Girard* was far from thinking that *la Cadriere's* Brothers answer'd his Letters even in their House at *Toulon*, as it often happen'd.

LETTER from *Mademoiselle CADIERE*
to Father *GIRARD*, Ollioules, Aug. 3, 1730.

She spares no Pains to restore herself to her Confessor's Esteem, and always exaggerates her Sufferings, to induce him to consent to her quitting the Monastery.

I Received your last Letter with a stronger Disposition than ever, to receive your Advice, and submit to your prudent Counsel. I find, by a sensible Effect of the Divine Mercy, that the Lord has shown me, after an unquestionable Manner, that I ought to resign myself to his good Pleasure, to which we ought always to conform ourselves. Alas! my Father, I tremble at the Sight of what is shown me, and I believe I should sink under it, if I did not expect fresh Assistance from him who is all our Strength and all our Hope. At present, I discover nothing but Torments; and Sacrifices before my Eyes. As for the rest, let his Will be done, I am ready to submit to his Orders. I received Yesterday a Letter from *Mademoiselle* — wherein she informed me of what the Lord had revealed to her; she is not the only one who has had Informations of the like Nature upon that Head; it must happen as God pleases. As to my Part, I no longer know what is his Will, or what he requires of me, poor and bereft as I am, of all the Gifts which he had heaped upon me, I cannot see that I am in Fault. But by an admirable Secret which is known to him alone, and which he uses for the Accomplishment of his Designs, all I can tell you is, that I suffer, and that I am contented in the midst of my Sufferings. The View of *Christ* crucify'd, and offer'd up as a Victim to his Father, which is constantly before my Eyes, engages and inclines me to sacrifice

vice myself, and undergo whatever he shall be pleased to require of me. 'Tis not without Bitterness, indeed, since my Soul, my Heart, and my Body are plunged in an Abyss of Grief and Sorrow; I am oblig'd to let you know it with Tears in my Eyes; imagine thereby the Excess of my Pains, and my melancholy Condition. For the future, dear Father, when I write to you, these two Words shall suffice to express my Dispositions; I suffer, and am submissive. My present State is a total Privation, wherein I am no longer sensible either of Graces, Favours, Lights, Knowledge, or particular Designs; in a Word, what is past, present, or to come, is entirely hid from me. I no longer see ought but *Jesus Christ* and his Cross, and that is sufficient. As to my Diet, I am still unable to conform to the House, and even of Meat I can only eat the Broth: As to your Part, I am told that you don't take Care enough of yourself, which makes me really uneasy. Consider, however, what you do, and never lose Sight of the Designs which the Lord has upon you, take Care you don't prevent them, by neglecting your Preservation. All that I say to you, as you ought easily to comprehend, is only to exhort you to satisfy God on your Part, as you desire that I would satisfy him on mine. I beg of him, without ceasing, to grant us both whatever we stand in Need of to fulfil his Work here below, till we arrive at the beloved Country, where nothing will be able to deceive us any more, and stop us in our Course at every Step. I am oblig'd to you for the Visit which you procured me from your Pilgrim Father *Grignet*. I must own he gave me a Moment's Diversion; on his accosting our Superior, he said he was a Pilgrim, which she at first believed, and told me there was a Pilgrim below in the Vestry, * who wanted to celebrate Mass,

* *Roberts's* Translator renders *Sacristie*, *Chancel*, instead of *Vestry*.
and

and she was in a Doubt whether she should let him or no: I leave you to judge whether that did not divert me. Farewel, dear Father, I recommend myself always to your Prayers, and am always closely united with you in the adorable Heart of *Jesus Christ*. Dear Father,
Your most Humble and most Obedient Daughter.

LETTER from Father GIRARD to Mademoiselle CADIERE, Toulon, Aug. 3, 1730.

This is a lively Exhortation to his Penitent to induce her to suffer patiently, and persevere in her Vocation, notwithstanding the Difficulties she encounters.

AFTER having given Yesterday my Letter to *Mademoiselle Gravier*, as I was upon the Point of setting out for the Country, I receiv'd, dear Daughter, a Packet from *Marseilles*, wherein was a Letter from Sister *Piscatory* for you. By Chance I took Notice, that it was not Sealed, and clapp'd thereon the Seal of our House, before I sent it to *Mademoiselle Gravier*, to be deliver'd to you. I inform you hereof that you may not be surpriz'd at seeing my Seal thereupon. But admire my Reservedness and Discretion, I would not read it, depending upon it that I should hear from you, on the first Opportunity, all that was fit for me to know: Thus, my dear Child, occasion'd my writing to you to Day. As for the rest, what shall I say to you but what I have so often repeated to you? You must forget yourself, my little one, or only think of yourself to resign and sacrifice yourself continually to the Pleasure of our divine Master. Let the World, let Nature, let Strangers, Neighbours, the Wicked, or the Good talk and reason every one their own Way. Let us go on softly in ours,
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without

without being moved, or turning to the Right or the Left for any thing or any one whatsoever. We shall meet with rugged uneven Paths; let us, however, enter upon the Road boldly, and with Confidence in God: What at first seems steep, dangerous, painful, insurmountable, and inaccessible, will grow level before us in Proportion as we advance. You ought, my dear Child, very well to know the Power and tenderness of your dear Spouse; is there any thing that ought to surprize you, or seem too difficult in whatever he may hereafter exact of you? All that he has vouchsafed to do hitherto for his dear Daughter and well-beloved Spouse, all that you have done and suffer'd yourself now with his holy Assistance, is it not a sufficient Motive to fill you with the most lively Confidence in his infinite Mercy; and with a Generosity that is Proof against all the Sacrifices imaginable? Have Courage then, my dear little one, submit to all things, and leave him to operate within you. Consent to be entirely divested of yourself; agree to die to all, that you may no longer live, but by the more than human Life of *Jesus Christ*. This is what I wish, my Child, for you and for myself; this is likewise what I require. These Wishes, and these Prayers necessarily carry along with them Sufferings, Violences, Self-denial, Subjection, inward Afflictions, and even outward Crosses of all Sorts; doubtless we must expect them, and devote ourselves to them. Can we ever do too much for him whose Life has been but one continual Martyrdom for our Sakes? Take Care, at least, Child, that nothing more escapes you unworthy of God and his Mercies, I will comfort myself and be satisfy'd with all the rest. But I cannot, I must confess to you, I cannot any longer support any Slips on Infidelity on your Part; sooner may the Lord take away our Lives, than that we should bely ourselves in any respect.

respect. I will write to you in a few Days my Scheme for the Week following, and you must acquaint me with what you think will be most conducive to the Glory of God, to your own particular Good, and to mine. Adieu, my dear Child, I did not think to have said so much to you when I began to write. Present my humble Respects to the Lady Abbess, and to your Mistress. Recommend to our God several Persons who recommend themselves to your Prayers and mine. I am always in the sacred Heart of *Jesus Christ*, entirely yours.

LETTER from Father GIRARD to
Mademoiselle CADIERE, Toulon, August
4, 1730.

This is an Answer to la Cadriere's Letter of the 3d, and is very edifying as well as the former. F. Girard spares no pains to strengthen her in her Vocation, and reproves her for delaying to send him the Papers, that is, the Memorial of her Visions and Revelations in Lent.

Consult the Lord, my dear Child, to know which of the two first Days next Week, *Monday* or *Tuesday*, will be most suitable to the glory of the holy Love, and to our mutual Benefit, for my little Pilgrimage to your House; and return me an exact Answer, at least in two Words, upon that Head, before *Sunday* Evening, to the end that I may bespeak the Horse in Time for *Monday*, if it should be the Day agreed on. I had thought, if my Journey should be deferr'd till *Friday*, to make an exhortation to your Ladies, provided they desire it, on the Eve of their Holy Festival, in order to excite them to a renewing of Zeal at that sacred Time, if I cou'd contribute thereunto; and then I

would lie all Night at *Ollioules*, in order to say Mass in the Morning, before I return hither. But if you think proper or necessary that I should come on *Monday* or *Tuesday*, say not a Word to any one of my designs on *Friday*. You break your Word to me, my dear Child, I see many Persons who come from you, but the Papers which were promis'd me never appear; this affects me, because, as I have already told you, I am afraid you give Way to Temptation. Your being averſe to ſending them, after ſo many Promiſes, or the difficulty which you may find in finiſhing them, ought to make you perceive more than any thing the Efforts of *Satan*, to prevent the Work of Obedience, and nothing ought to induce you more to obey: The Will of God, which is manifeſt, is the Caſe in Queſtion; and you by a Delay of above two Months, follow either your own, or that of the Enemy; in God's Name never argue with yourſelf, but become daily more lowly. I receiv'd this Morning from your Mother's, your Letter of the 3d, and I expected this Night a Line by *F. du Chatelard*, but you ſend me not a Word. Nevertheless I ſhall be ſatisfy'd ſo that you inform me that you ſuffer indeed, but likewiſe that you are ſubmiſſive. I ſuffer, and I ſhall ſuffer on my Part with you, my dear Child, and I ſhall ſubmit myſelf in the ſame Manner with the Lord's help. You are poor and deſtitute of all, my Child, well, you have only loſt ſome Gifts of One who does not abandon you, ſince he is employ'd in making you ſuffer, and in teaching you Submiſſion. Theſe are two great Bleſſings at leaſt which he leaves you, and theſe may ſtand you in ſtead of all the reſt. Let him ſee plainly at preſent that 'tis to him you are attach'd, and not to his Favours or Careſſes. All will be found again, and reſtor'd in its proper Time and Place, my dear little one, be of good Courage, and conſent for the love of *Jeſus Chriſt*,

Chriſt, to be ſtrip'd, like him of all, and to have nothing for your Portion, but his Croſs alone, with Submiſſion, Obedience, and Reſignation: This is what you muſt now Practice. Show generously that you will follow your dear Spouſe, at any Rate whatſoever. Don't be terrify'd at any thing, you may do all things with Grace, and our gracious God will ſuſtain you. Reſign yourſelf up to his Direction with an implicit Confidence, which argues not at all, demands nothing, and rejects not any thing whatſoever. Don't be in Pain about me; I have already told you more then once that Men are but too prudent and too diſcreet; in this Point they inform you falſly. Pray ſeal your Letters well, and to that end uſe a Waſer, upon which ſtamp an Impreſſion; that is more ſecure then Wax, which may be melted, or cover'd as one pleaſes with other Wax without any Seal. Farewell, my dear Child, write to me, as I deſir'd, at leaſt one Word to fix the Day of my coming. 'Tis not without many Struggles, that I have been able to defer coming to ſee you till next Week, the Lord grant us the Grace to be faithful to him. I have my Ailments, dear Child, and beſides muſt bear thoſe of abundance of Souls, for there are many who ſuffer. Let us go on, let us advance, however, boldly, without turning our Heads, or ſtopping. The Time is ſhort, Good-night my dear Child.

LETTER from *Mademoiſelle CADIERE* to *F. GIRARD*, *Ollioules* August 6, 1730.

This is an Answer to Father Girard's laſt; ſhe ſtill continues to exaggerate her Sufferings.

My deareſt Father,

I Return Thanks without ceaſing to our Lord in my Weakneſs, which is ſo general and afflictive to me, that it deprives me of all the Gifts, and all

the Graces of our Lord, and plunges me in such a Condition that I shall be no longer able for the future to derive any Assistance from all your prudent Instructions and Advice. Never was I so sensible as at present, of my Indigence, my Misery, my Weakness, my Poverty, and my Impotence; although, nevertheless, in the midst of this Privation, I discover so great a Treasure, and so great a Blessing, as leaves me only this Knowledge, that it gives me all the Assistance whereof I stand in need, and no longer allows me to receive any elsewhere. As to your Journey, the Lord has given me to understand, that it must be on next *Friday*, which will be a Pleasure to all the Society: 'Till then be easy and satisfy'd on my Account. Perhaps, when you come, you will be at a loss to know your Daughter. I know that you suffer, dear Father, and when I think of your Troubles, whereof I am very sensible, I shou'd not dare to Complain to you here of mine, if you did not require my informing you thereof. All that I can tell you is, that I am upon the Cross every Way; and that I always carry you and keep you with me. As to what I receiv'd from Sister *Piscatory*, I am not at all oblig'd to you for your Discretion and Reservedness. There was nothing in it of any Importance; she only desir'd of me some Instructions concerning ----, whereof I spoke to her the last Time we were together. Let me know, if you please, whether you think it proper for me to write to her upon this Head; I will show you the Letter the first Time I see you. This, dear Father, is all I can say to you at present; perhaps for the future I shall be yet more incapable. Don't put yourself to any Constraint in Writing to me, since our God will no longer permit your Letters to be of any Advantage or Assistance to me. Pray to the Lord more earnestly than ever for your poor Daughter,

ter, who is reduced to such a melancholy Condition, to the End that he may give her all that is necessary, either for his Glory, or for the Welfare of my Soul, I am always, for my Part, closely united to you in the sacred Heart of *Jesus*. Dear Father,

Your most humble, &c.

P. S. Be please to give my humble Service to Mademoiselle Guiol, and Mademoiselle Battarelle.

LETTER from Mademoiselle CADIERE
to Father GIRARD, without a date.

This Letter without a Date, must be placed here, because it immediately refers to the foregoing; it must be of the 8th or 9th of August, because la Cadriere says therein that she had been sick three Days, and she was not so on the 11th, being the Eve of St. Clare, the Day whereon Father Girard went to Ollioules, to make an Exhortation to the Nuns.

My dearest Father,

I Write this to make my Excuse for my last, wherein I took the liberty to fix the Day for your coming to see me; you may imagine that I should not have gone so far; had I not been forced to it by the Directions given me by the Lord; I did nothing therein but obey his Will, and inform you what was most suitable for his Glory. You may be convinc'd that I did not consult myself on this Occasion, since I sacrificed the Pleasure I shou'd have had in seeing you, to the Will of the Lord, which was sensibly revealed to me. The Society flatter themselves that next *Friday* they shall have the agreeable Pleasure of Hearing you, and impatiently expect that happy Moment, and that Favour, from the Goodness which is so natural to you, seeing

you

you are already inclined thereto of yourself. You will find *Nuns* who are disposed to Profit by the Word of God, which you shall declare to them. The Lady *Abbes* in particular, who is charm'd with this Politeness on your Part, desires me to tell you that you will oblige her in saying Mass that Day at *Toulon*, that you may be able to rest yourself some Hours, and afterwards get into the Pulpit about nine. As for my part, dear Father, I shall not have the Comfort of Hearing you; I have kept my Bed these three Days, and my Illness still increases; I wou'd give you a particular Account thereof here, but at present I am not permitted to do it; however, I hope to acquaint you therewith at your Arrival here. All that I can now tell you, is, that I have not been able to take any Nourishment this Week but Water; I am afflicted likewise with an almost continual Fever, which causes an extreme Head-ach: In a word, no Part of my Body is free from its particular Disorder*. Now it is, without doubt, my dear Father, that the Time approaches to convince you of what you require; accordingly you will have leisure enough to see such Proofs as you desire. This Morning they have given me some Physick, which has to weaken'd and strain'd me, that it has caus'd a spitting of Blood † which obliges me to keep my Bed, and has frighten'd all the Society, who at their Return from Mass, found me all weltring in Blood. Here is, dear Father, a Complication of many Distempers; but don't be terrify'd, be easy on my Account;

* She had promis'd in her Letter of July 25, that she shou'd be miraculously cover'd with Ulcers, as a Proof that God wou'd not have her stay in the Convent; she here says, that the Time approaches, but it never came.

† She was then in her Bed; how then cou'd she dictate this Letter to her Brothers, who were certainly not in the Convent, which they never enter'd but on August 25, with the Bishop of *Toulon*,

Account; I even exhort you to be so more then ever, since you know that your Daughter has the Happiness to suffer some slight Disorders for him who has suffer'd so much for her. I thank the Lord that you partake of the same Happiness; God will be able to derive both from your Sufferings and mine all the Glory which he has reser'd to himself; only beg him, for your Part, to give me new Strength more and more, to comply with all that he requires of me. I will not forget you in my Prayers to him, since you are satisfy'd that I am always closely united with you in *Jesus Christ*, dear Father,

Your most humble, &c.

LETTER from Mademoiselle CADIERE to
Father GIRARD, Aug. 15, 1730.

Father Girard was at Ollioules on the 11th of August, to make an Exhortation to the Nuns, and staid there the next Day, being the Festival of St. Clare, at their Request. He was in Hopes that la Cadriere would have deliver'd to him the Lent Journal, for which she had made him wait so long; but her Brother the Jacobin had not as yet finish'd it; and as Father Girard pressed her very warmly upon that Head, she answer'd him after a very abrupt and passionate Manner, for which he reprimanded her very sharply; for he began already to have some Mistrust of his Penitent's Sincerity. Wherefore la Cadriere, in order to excuse herself to him, or rather her Brothers for her, wrote the following Letter, which abounds with Lies and Impostures, to make him believe that she was sensible of her Fault, and had been severely punished for it.

I take

I Take the first leisure Opportunity I have to make an Attonement for the last Fault I committed against you; I am fully sensible of its Enormity, whether in respect to the Outrage offer'd to God, or the Injustice done to you. As to my Offence against God, I could wish to die, were it in my Power, with Grief, Compunction, and Regret, at the Remembrance of the infinite Mercies I receive from him, which I only repay with Ingratitude. I own to you, that so much Weakness, and so many Imperfections, give me Death every Moment of the Day, and oblige me (in order to expiate them in Part) to make you here a solemn Confession, and declare that I have sinn'd against God, and against you: I hope, however, dear Father, that you will, for your Part, grant me an entire Pardon. On God's Part, I have already been chastized with the utmost Rigour, by an Effect of his great Mercy; and I have submitted thankfully to his Hand, which only smote and chastised me, in order to raise me up, and cure me of my Infirmities and Weaknesses. I found that he was the good Shepherd, who is earnest to bring back the lost Sheep, and if he does punish with Severity, 'tis always with the Bowels of a merciful Father, full of Tenderness and Charity to his Children. I hope so much Chastisement will not be in vain; I have just promis'd the Lord what you have desired of me; I am fully resolute to give it you the first Time you come to see me; my Promise was too solemn to dare to break my Word to you any more upon this Head. Wherefore, my dear Father, I flatter myself that my Submission and Fidelity in expiating my Fault, will be an Inducement to you to pardon me this once more. As to my Sufferings since your Departure, I must tell you here in few Words, that I don't believe the damned in Hell can suffer what I have suffer'd and undergone. An inward Fire seem'd

to

to devour and consume me with the same Force and Activity as the Flames of Hell prey upon a damn'd Soul. For I found myself die, and revive again incessantly every Moment, to undergo yet more exquisite Pains and Torments which rack'd my Bowels; I don't believe, dear Father, that St. Catherine's edged Wheels could be more grievous or more exquisitely tormenting. As for the rest, the Lord's Will be done, I deterv'd twenty times more than I felt, although he permitted you to correct me after the most cutting and most severe Manner on this Occasion; for which, nevertheless, I return him Thanks. All that I can say, dear Father, is, that so many various Sufferings cannot but plunge me into a deep Melancholy; and what is yet more afflicting is, that I know not when the Lord will deliver me from them. This Day is *the Triumph of our good Mother*; I will not fail beseeching her to grant you the Fidelity, the Strength, and the Courage that is needful for you; beg of her the same Favour for me. I have just received some Informations concerning a Person of very great Rank, who is not of this Country; the Affair is of Consequence; let me know, if you please, not having Time to explain myself at length, what you would have me do therein. Be speedy in writing to me, for the Case is urgent. I recommend here to your Prayers the Affair for which I am concern'd. I never forget you in my Supplications to him who is our all, and am very strictly united with you in the sacred Heart of *Jesus and Mary, my dearest Father,*

Your very Humble, &c.

LETTER from Father GIRARD to Mademoiselle CADIERE, Toulon, Aug, 15, 1730.

This

This is an Answer to the foregoing Letter; one may see therein that Father Girard was not without his Doubts about his Penitent's pretended Sanctity, and the farther he went, the more Reason he had for his Suspicions.

'Tis impossible to read this Letter without being convinced of this Father's Innocence, and being incens'd at the false Deposition of the Maid belonging to the Turning-Box at the Monastery of St. Clare, who fixes to the Month of August, and particularly to the 11th, the licentious Behaviour wherewith she charges him.

I Set out from *Ollioules*, my dear Child, with a Dagger in my Heart; you know who plung'd it there, and why it was done: I neither value my Care, nor my Steps, nor my Time, nor my Pains; but you might have had some little Regard to them; our Lord will judge between the Daughter and her Father. What afflicts me is not what concerns myself, 'tis what relates to my God, and my little one. My God is grievously offended, and 'tis by *Mary-Catherine*. The Pain of *Jesus-Christ's* wounded Heart, and the Pain which my Daughter feels afterwards in Consequence thereof, this is what caused, and still feeds my Grief. The thing desired was the easiest in the World to be done, I order'd it to be done several Times, your Superior likewise commanded it, you are not ignorant that God required it, you promised it me several Times against a fixed Time, you never gave any Reason for your refusing it, and nevertheless you have delay'd it obstinately for three Months, and your Delay has always been accompany'd with ill Language and Passion. What can, or what ought I to think of such a Behaviour? By what Spirit have you suffer'd yourself to be guided herein? Into what Perplexities do you plunge me? I don't

know

know what Penance you may have undergone, this I know, you have not undergone it alone, neither is it yet at an End. My Sorrows are united to yours, and we shall suffer both together the Punishment of your Fall; why cannot I bear it all alone? I advise you not to stay till I see you before you let me have your Papers, lest this Delay should again be the Means of your giving Way to the Temptation whereof I have so often warned you in all my late Letters. I had, in the same Manner, frequently forewarned you to take Care of relapsing; but just before your Fall I again reminded you of the Words of the Apostle; * I even came to see you in a Condition that moved your Pity; and yet this ended in the cruel Farewell with which you sent me away two Days after. These Faults, which have already been reiterated several Times before my Face, make me fearful of taking another Journey, and of being the Occasion, though innocently, of some heinous Sin. Nevertheless I will not fail, God willing, to see you on *Monday*, as I promised. If any particular Reason obliged you to keep them till then, I insist at least that the first Thing you do when I see you shall be to put them into my Hands, or otherwise I will return to *Toulon* immediately after saying Mass. I shall not want Reasons, my dear Child, to salve all Appearances, and prevent your incurring any Censure, being really so much out of order, that I can say, without any Diffimulation, that I am indisposed. I can make you no Answer concerning the Affair whereof you speak, because you do not relate it fully to me. If the Case is urgent,

*The Perplexity of Father Girard about *la Cadriere's* Sanctity, whilst she was talk'd on more than ever at *Toulon* for a Saint that work'd Miracles, had caused this Father so much Uneasiness, that *la Cadriere* herself perceived it, and could not help taking Notice thereof to him

acquaint me with it as soon as possible, and I will give you my Opinion thereupon, if not, defer it till *Monday*. I will recommend to our good God the other *Affair* wherein you concern yourself. On *Saturday* after Sermon, I look'd for the Maid belonging to the Turning-Box to send you Word to reconcile yourself against the next Day, but I could not find her; however, I don't doubt but you went to Confession before you received the Sacrament. I have Reason to fear that that very Day, before the last Scene, you neglected more than one Motion of Grace, or resisted some inward Operation; you may have reflected upon it; all this shows my Care for your Advancement; but if I have had the Sentiments of a Father, consider whether you have been disposed like a Daughter. As for the rest, some Persons have told me that they have been tempted this Fortnight to ask me if I should never be weary of making you suffer, that I required too much Assurance, and acted with too much Circumspection. I don't know whether this Discourse comes all out of one Mouth, or out of several, but without answering the first Part of this Allegation, which is the most sensible Reproach that can be made to a Heart that is formed after a certain Manner, I will repeat it to you once more, that Faith, the Gospel, and Reason, oblige me not to proceed rashly, but to compare Objects, and Lights, and to try the Spirit, as the Apostle says, to see whether it is of God. I am not permitted to deviate from this Conduct; your Relapses, as I have often told you, * put me to a Test

* What he means here is not such Relapses as he had been informed of by her in Confession, but her outward Behaviour, her Refusals, and affected Delays in delivering him the Memorial of the Visions, which this Father was more than ever desirous to examine at Leisure, in order to satisfy himself whether it was the Spirit of God which animated his Penitent.

which

which I cannot bear; I may likewise require of you such Tests as your Virtue cannot go thro'; I am not infallible, neither does it belong to me to say with *St. Paul*, that I believe I have the Spirit of God. * Wherefore I willingly consent, my dear Child, to your consulting either the Bishop for Example, whom you have mention'd to me, or if he is too far off, some other Confessors, of which there is no want here, or hereabouts, provided they are Men of God, who seek his Will, and know the Designs of the Lord upon you. I shall, without Difficulty, or Jealousy, acquiesce with whatever they advise, provided you don't consult them merely with Design to shun the Cross. All I seek is the Glory of our Lord, and your Sanctification, according to his Designs; at least my Intention is not blameable, if I am so in the Execution. This is enough to excuse and justify one to you. It is a Father who thinks and acts in every Point, he may be mistaken, rectify him then, and he will show yet more that he is really a Father, even this is a great Proof of his being so, his consenting to make an Apology to you.

LETTER from Mademoiselle CADIERE,
to Father GIRARD, Ollioules, Aug. 17,
1730.

This is an Answer to the foregoing Letter, which shews very evidently, that Father Girard did not compose his Letters again, much less the last, which alone is sufficient for his imire Justification.

My dearest Father,

YOUR last Letter, which I receiv'd from my dear Mother, has fill'd the Measure of my Sufferings

* What greater Proof can one desire of Father Girard's Sincerity and Uprightness?

ferings and Pains which I have undergone these three Days. I shall not mention them here, that I may bear them alone, as I deserve; you say you desire to be ignorant of them, wherefore I shall be more Discreet for the future, in concealing them from your Knowledge, that I may not disturb your Repose and Quiet, which are so dear to me. God alone who smites and afflicts me with so much Rigour, will be able to give me the Comfort and Assistance that is necessary to support and strengthen me in all the different Trials which he is pleas'd I should undergo. He is a good Father, who is always watchful for the Good of his Children, and knows how at last to convert their Sorrows into Joy and Happiness, when they are submissive to his holy Will. I am infinitely sorry, dear Father, that I cou'd not sooner put into your Hands the Papers you require; I own I have been in Fault, and that my Fault is so much the greater, as it is the Cause of all your Pains. But if my Submission can contribute towards asswaging them, I am very ready to comply with the Sacrifice which you require of me, to show you that nothing is more dear to me than your Preservation. You ought to believe that it was never my Intention to refuse them to you, or to amuse you by vain Words; my Conduct in other Respects, will justify my past Behaviour to you on that Occasion. The only Motive which has deterr'd me from obeying you, and induced me hitherto to keep within the Bounds of Modesty and Reservedness, which I thought with Justice became me, was an inward Horrour and Aversion which I felt to appearing in the World, and publishing my Life. As for the rest, since 'tis the Spirit of God which inspires you to demand it, I submit with all my Heart, and you shall have no longer any Room to reproach me upon that Head. On *Monday*, when you come, you shall find good Part
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of it written; I don't think it proper to send them to you, for fear of some Accident; I had rather deliver them into your own Hand for the greater Security. I hope you will have the Goodness to grant me to this End, what Time is necessary, and to consider the little Leisure I have, as well as my Infirmities, which will not allow me to sit constantly to it. You may however be assured that I will neglect nothing on my Part, and that I will even spend whole Nights therein, if it is necessary, notwithstanding my Disorders, that I may give you the whole Life of a Person who would not deserve your Regard, if you did Justice to all her Imperfections. You tell me in yours, that if I don't deliver these Papers to you the first Time we meet, you will retire, altho' you will false Appearances; God be prais'd, and his Name glorify'd for ever. I tremble at the Thoughts of such a Design, and doubt that such an impetuous Disposition does not proceed from the Spirit of God, who is all Charity, Goodness, and Mercy even to the greatest Sinners. As for the rest, I acquiesce with Resignation to the Spirit of God, to his Motions and Designs; and will use my utmost Efforts to satisfy you fully, that I may not prove disobedient to his Commands: After which, if the Spirit of Severity still reigns in you, and is the same as at present, I will likewise submit thereunto; not without Sorrow indeed, but to accomplish the Lord's Will in every thing, which I ought to obey implicitly, as soon as 'tis reveal'd unto me. He alone will then be my All, my Hope, my Happiness, and Consolation in all my Miseries; and I shall always esteem myself equally happy, by the Assurance alone of seeing one Day my dear Father again in Paradise. As to the Affair whereof you desire me to give you a circumstantial Account, it relates to an Ecclesiastick of *Marseilles*, a Dignitary of the Church, who gives

gives Way to such an outrageous and inveterate Enmity, that his Malice, like a Gangrene, has master'd all the Faculties of his Soul, to such a Degree, that if he persists a little longer in this miserable Condition, there will be no Hopes of his Redemption. And what adds to his Misfortune, is, that he almost every Day approaches the Altar, and thereby digs a deeper Abyſs for himself. The Lord abhors his Sacrifices, and is exasperated against him in such a Manner as makes me tremble; see then, dear Father, what I ought to do on this Occasion; and send me Word what Measures I ought to take for the Welfare of this Ecclesiastick. As to the Person who told you that you took a Pleasure in making me suffer, and used too much Circumspection on my Account, be assured that it came all from one Mouth, mine had no Share therein. For, as for me, my dear Father, my Will is to conform to yours, and I have no Business to consult other Directors to satisfy myself upon that Head. As to my Sufferings, I support them with Joy, and will never shake off the Yoke but with your Approbation and Consent. All that I desire of you in my present State, is only the Assistance of your Prayers, which are absolutely necessary to me; this I hope, as a Father, you will not refuse your Daughter, who professes herself always in the adorable Heart of *Jesus Christ*.

Dear Father, your most humble, &c.

LETTER from Father GIRARD to
Mademoiselle CADIERE, Toulon, Aug. 22,
1730.

Father Girard went to Ollioules on the 21st, and la Cadriere at last deliver'd to him the Journal of her Revelations; but two Days before, Father Cadriere had shown this Journal in Toulon, un-
known

known to Father Girard, who hearing it, on his Return to Ollioules, wrote this Letter even before he read this famous Lent Journal.

This Letter is of the greatest Importance for the Vindication of Father Girard, because 'tis seen upon what Principle, and what Supposition only he demands his Letters and Papers back. His Penitent, in order to impose on him, return'd most of them immediately, but kept some Letters.

Among these Papers, Father Girard was greatly surprized to see the same Lent Journal written by Father Cadriere, with the Minutes of the Letters he had receiv'd from his Penitent, written also in the Jacobine's Hand.

GOD be prais'd, my dear Child, who has just plung'd me into the deepest Affliction that I ever yet experienc'd on your Account. I have been inform'd this Afternoon, that there are in Town several Copies of the Papers which you deliver'd me Yesterday, and which you made so much Difficulty of giving me. It is one of the Persons who has it perhaps still in his Hands, who inform'd me thereof, and who gave a particular Account of all that had happen'd to you in *Lent*. I shall soon know how they got a Copy of these Papers. Tell me then ingenuously, my Child, whether you gave a Transcript to any one, or whether it was taken clandestinely out of your Box. In this last Case, send me without fail, by Mademoiselle - - -, the Bearer of this Letter, all the Papers you have, whether my Letters, or those of other Persons, in a Packet; and send me an Answer immediately. Take an Opportunity afterwards of complaining to your Superior, with Resolution, and Respect, that you have been robb'd of some Papers of Consequence, to which no Body in the World had any Right, and that they have been taken from you with

with Design to be made publick. If afterwards any Mention should be made to you of asking a Discharge from the Father Provincial of the *Observantines*, either for you, or me, answer calmly, that it is not worth while, because you are not to stay in the Convent. If 'twas owing to yourself that these Papers have been communicated, nothing of this Kind must be either said or done, with Relation to the Convent where you are. But in this Case, judge what Reproaches I ought to make you, and how grievously you have wounded my Heart. If the Bishop should see you within these few Days, speak with Regard to him whatever it pleases God to direct you; but as to yourself, speak only in very general Terms. If he mentions your Wounds, tell him that they have been closed up since Father *Sabatier* was to see you, and show him nothing. If he examines you about any particular Point, answer him briefly, and as confusedly as you can. Stop there, with abundance of Modesty on one Hand, and a great deal of Caution on the other. In the present Juncture, I think myself oblig'd, for the greater Glory of God, and for your Tranquillity, to enjoin you for a Time, with all the Authority which our Lord has given me over you, in the strongest Terms that can be used by a Confessor, a Director, a Friend, and a Father: I enjoin you, I say, not to speak to any one whatsoever either of his Conscience or your own; whatever Inclination you may seem to have to it. This Article relates neither to the Bishop, whom I have excepted above, nor Mademoiselle *Guilol*. As to your Nuns, or any other Persons, who may happen to Visit you, speak of God; but be absolutely silent whether as to any Disposition of theirs, which you chance to know, or, as to your own. Secondly, Write to nobody in *Toulon*, unless it be about indifferent Things; you may write elsewhere according to the

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the Motions of Grace. Observe these two Points, my dear Child, with an inviolable Exactness, till new Orders. Our Lord requires you to do this at present, and it is indispensably necessary even with regard to your own Relations; send me an Answer by the Bearer of this Letter.

LETTER from Mademoiselle CADIERE
to Father GIRARD, Ollioules, August 26,
1730.

This is an Answer to the foregoing Letter, and proves evidently, that it was not compos'd afterwards by Father Girard; one may see herein the Passionate Temper of this Creature, and her Despair on being found in Fault; she, or rather her Brothers, clear themselves, as well as they can, by a thousand Lies.

My dearest Father,

I Cou'd not Answer your Letter any sooner, by Reason of the extreme Agony into which it threw me. Some Days since, I inform'd you that I could not support all the Gifts of God; but at present I can't help telling you that I cannot bear all your Rigour to me. Till now I comforted myself with the pleasing Hopes of finding in you all those Marks of Goodness and Tenderness which I have formerly met with; but Experience shows me quite the contrary. If I had given any Occasion for this Severity, by any Fault of mine, I shou'd be very easily comforted; but as I am assured, that I never gave any Papers of that Kind, but to you alone, I think you might have had a little more Regard for your Daughter's ill State of Health. As to my Brother, the *Jacotin*, I know he drew up an Account of certain Facts to which he had been

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Witness, and of which I had inform'd him; he may perhaps have mention'd, or shown this to the Bishop; but I am fully convinced that he never parted with the Paper. As a Proof hereof, I defy any Person in *Toulon* to produce one Word of his Writing, so well am I acquainted with his Hand, * You needed not to have been so hasty upon that Head; you might easily have inform'd yourself by consulting me, and you wou'd have evidently found the Falshood of what has been asserted with Design to blacken me, as well as my Brother, in your Opinion. As for the Rest, the Thing is done, and cannot be retriev'd by any Counsel whatsoever; I am content with having been entirely sacrificed to all your Severity, and with having been an innocent Victim, in this very Point whereof you accuse me, with so little of that Charity which always accompanies the Spirit of God. You might have observ'd, that I never was wanting in my Fidelity to you hitherto in any Matter wherein you have been concern'd; † but I may be mistaken, wherefore, in order to convince me thereof fully, I desire you wou'd by some Stratagem procure one of those Copies which you say are dispers'd in every Corner of the City; and then, altho' I have already submitted, I will submit myself absolutely to those cutting and severe Reproaches wherewith you threaten me, and which have thrown me into an Agony. Another Stab of this Kind wou'd be sufficient to cause my Death, so deeply is my Heart already wounded as a Daughter always affectionate and devoted to her Father, by the Affliction to which you have given your-

* 'Tis pleasant enough that when she made this Challenge, she did not know that she had sent this Memorial to Father *Girard* by mistake, under her Brother the *Dominican's* Hand.

† Father *Girard* had begun for some Time to distrust his Penitent; but her repeated Lies, and the *Lent* Journal at last open'd his Eyes entirely.

yourself up. One must be really a Mother to know the Love one bears to a Child, which one has receiv'd in God, has carried in one's Bosom, and to give whom Life, one has sacrificed one's self a thousand Times. To speak freely to you, I did not expect such a Shock from you; every one experiences that Goodness which is natural to you, whilst you reserve for me alone all the Severity of a Father, whom one ought nevertheless always to obey as a Child, whether one is innocent or guilty. No doubt the Lord designs that I should drink all the Bitterness of his Cup, to expiate all my past Infidelities, which are without Number, as well as my present Imperfections; in Consideration of which I humble myself and submit to the Chastisement wherewith you have punish'd me. I here ask you a thousand Pardons for them, and hope, as a Father, you will forgive them. As to your Papers, I have been faithful to you, and you must have had them by this Time; as for the others which I have receiv'd from elsewhere, I cou'd not send them as you desir'd, because they were burnt. As to the profound Silence which you require of me, you may be assured that I will follow your Advice as a Daughter who is entirely devoted to her Father, and will obey his Commands. Beg of the Lord to grant me all the Grace which is necessary to satisfy you, and comply punctually with all your Orders, I hope you will obtain this Consolation for me of the Lord. I am in Expectation of seeing you, always perfectly united with you in the adorable Heart of *Jesus Christ, dear Father,*

Your most humble and most obedient Daughter.

LETTER from Mademoiselle Guiol,
to Mademoiselle CADIERE, dated August
30, 1730.

La Cadriere produced this Letter in her State of the Case, and labours to give it an abominable Construction; wherefore we thought fit to place it here, to show at one Glance, that this Letter, on the contrary, is very proper to justify what we have said of Father Girard's Opinion of la Cadriere. This Father could not recover himself from the Astonishment, Indignation, and Affliction, which had been caused by so many Impieties and Impositions as he had discover'd in this Creature. Nevertheless, as the Bishop of Toulon, who was ignorant hereof, pressed him to return to Ollioules; he resolv'd to go thither, and make use of that Opportunity to prevail on her to confess her Impositions; but it was in vain.

My dearest Sister,

LAST Monday about Noon, returning to Toulon, I alighted at the Gate of the Jesuites where I had just a Sight of our dear Father, who was in the utmost Affliction. He immediately told me, that if I had any ill News to acquaint him with, I shou'd defer it for the present, and go and write it down instantly, in order to bring it him in the Evening, after his Sermon, at the Convent of the Ursulines, which I did with much Difficulty, and set down what it pleas'd our great God to inspire me with. I have been again to see him this Morning, on his Return from the Country, where he has been ever since the Evening of St. Austin's Festival. I don't know whether in the last Moments of his Life, he will look more like

Death

Death than he does to Day; whereupon I ask'd him how he found himself, and whether his Trouble continu'd still the same. He answer'd me, with great Confidence, that his Affliction increas'd every Moment, and that this Morning when he wak'd he felt his Sorrows redoubled to that Degree, that, as he gave me to understand, he was struck Speechless. My dearest Sister, I leave you to think how great my Grief must be, on seeing the two Persons in the World whom I love and esteem most, reduced to the last Extremity; and who is the Cause of all this, but you, my dear Sister? There needed no more on your Side but one Word of Answer upon the Spot with great Simplicity, and all would have been well. When you told me that your good God did not approve your answering the Letter receiv'd, after the Order of your dear Father, you really excited my Pity very much. He received yours on Sunday Morning about nine, whereat he has very great Reason to be dissatisfied; since it only consists of justifying yourself, and laying all the Blame upon him; may God be praised, and vouchsafe to open your Eyes once for all. However it be, his Charity will lead him to Ollioules on Friday, after having said Mass here at Toulon. My dearest Sister, I beseech you by the Merits of Jesus Christ, to speak to him with all possible Sincerity, and since he is willing to comfort you, let him likewise receive some Consolation in his turn. You are not ignorant that the great Part I take in every Thing that relates to you, makes me assume the Liberty of speaking to you after this manner; but my dear Child, you will forgive me. I conclude with assuring you, that I shall participate in the Consolation which you will receive on Friday, that being the Day destin'd to be the happiest of your Life. My dear Sister, I embrace you with all my Heart, and am always most closely united

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LETTER from *Mademoiselle CADIERE* to *F. GIRARD*, dated from *Ollioules*, Sept. 5, 1730.

She persists in vain in endeavouring to impose on Father Girard.

Reverend Father,

I should not dare to assume the Liberty of Writing to you had you not commanded it; I do it therefore in Obedience to your Orders. My sorrow increases every Moment, and without doubt I should have every thing to fear, if my good God, through his great and infinite Mercy, did not alleviate by some short Intervals, this exquisite Sorrow, which is sometimes so violent that it deprives me of Speech. But Thanks be to him for supporting me with so much Goodness and Mercy; and I can say, without lying, that I never have experienced them in such Abundance and Profusion as at present. Notwithstanding this I always suffer, and have no Ease in my Sufferings, but on the Remembrance of those of *Jesus Christ* crucify'd, who vouchsafes in his infinite Mercy to make me pass through the same Torments of Bitterness through which he himself has passed. 'Tis true, my Sins are the Cause hereof; but if it might be permitted I would cry out, O happy Fall, which has made me a Partaker of the greatest of all Blessings! I have had the Misfortune till now, as you observed, to act only with Views to please mere Creatures; but at present, through his great Mercy, I find myself dispos'd to act for him alone, who is the sole Principle of all Good. The Sentiments wherein I now find myself are effectual Proofs of the Mercy which he has condescended to show me; for I find myself dispos'd to become the Scorn, the Jest, and the Scorn, of those very Creatures, whose Esteem I might otherwise have court-

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ed. I am willing to undergo this Penance, as well as any Satisfaction which you shall be pleased to require of me; be not apprehensive of putting me to all the Tryals which you shall think proper. I am ready on my Side to undergo whatever you please; my Sentiments are such that I can say there is nothing so severe, so painful, and so mortifying which I am not ready to undertake; and I should even run into Extreams, if I did not know that one must in all things keep within the just Bounds of Moderation. I never fail of complying with the Rules of the Society, by doing all I can, and even more than I can, if I may dare to say so. The Moments of Respite which I have from my acute Pains, are accompany'd with so many Favours, and so many Graces, that notwithstanding my endeavouring to resist them as much as possible, as you order'd me, they break out more and more. I receive these Favours with all the Humiliation and Confusion which a Soul ought to have who is favour'd with such Graces, and is as unworthy as I am. On *Sunday* Afternoon my Sister-in-Law was here whom I had not seen for three Months; and on *Monday* I likewise saw my Mother with some of my Relations. Hereupon, I did not fail letting them know that I was uneasy at their coming so often, and begg'd them to make their Visits less frequent, which they have promis'd, tho' not without some Regret on their Part; and to Day I had a Visit from *M. Camerle*, whom I desir'd not to come above once a Fortnight. These are all the Persons whom I have seen and for the Future I will be invisible to all. Be pleased to give my Service to *Mademoiselle Guiol*, and beg her not to forget me in her Prayers to the Lord. Farewel, dear Father, I am entirely yours in

Jesus Christ.

Your most humble &c.

LETTER from Mademoiselle CADIERE
to Father GIRARD, dated at Ollioules, Sept.
9, 1730.

Father Girard was in such great Reputation at Toulon, and the Esteem which he had professed of la Cadriere's Virrue, did her so much Honour, that she saw plainly of what Importance it was to her to retain this Director, whose abandoning her was more likely than any thing whatsoever to discredit her in the Opinion of the Publick. Wherefore she persists in endeavouring to move him to Compassion; but that Time was now past, he having then found that she had imposed upon him all along. He would have had his Penitent acknowledge, and do Penance for her Sacrileges; but la Cadriere would never allow herself Guilty of so many Crimes, but only of having divulged the Visions and Graces which she pretended to have receiv'd contrary to Father Girard's Prohibition.

Reverend Father,

I Follow an inward Motion which urges me to write to you, to acquaint you with my present Disposition; that is, my Sorrow, my Pains, and my excessive Anguish, or, to speak more properly, my Martyrdom, which is beyond all Expression, and which I feel with so much Violence, that my Soul is pierced with Torments, and my Mind and Heart upon the Rack. As to my Body, it is reduced to a State worthy of the greatest Compassion, insomuch that it would even draw Tears from your Eyes; every Limb has its particular Pain and Torture. The Dislocation of all my Bones, the Anguish of a Person who is cut for the Stone, the most violent Rupture, accompanied with the most exquisite Head-

Head-Ach, and in a Word, particular Incisions in every part of my Body, would give but a faint Idea of the Torments I suffer, which 'tis impossible for me to describe, so excessively violent is their Cause. These Sufferings however do not continue above three or four Hours at a Time; neither indeed could I support them longer without infallibly giving up the Ghost. In Effect, they are so grievous that they deprive me entirely of Speech, during the whole Time that they Afflict me, and render me an Object of Compassion to the whole Society, who are often Eye-witnesses thereunto. However, far from giving myself any Uneasiness about my State, dear Father, I, on the contrary, return Thanks continually to our great God for all his Goodness to his unworthy Creature. My Will is absolutely resigned up to his Designs, and I find myself very well contented to suffer either from God, or from evil Spirits, who make me undergo, and suffer all the sharpest Torments in Hell. In Effect, *Jesus* and his Cross shall always be my Consolation and my Portion, every thing else shall be indifferent and contemptible. Farewel then here to all Creatures; Father, Mother, Relations and Friends, you shall no longer be any thing to me; no longer will I know you, but in order to remember *Jesus* crucify'd, no longer will I put any Confidence in Men; *Jesus* alone shall for the future be my Comfort, my Hope, my Refuge, my All; never more shall Contempt, Affronts, Forgetfulness, Confusions, Humiliations, being abandon'd and deserted, nor even the strongest Temptations, make me lose Sight of the Love of his Cross; that alone shall be the Object of my Vows and Desires. Yes, Lord, 'tis in thee alone that I will put my Hope, and thereby I trust that I shall never be confounded. I desire nothing but thee alone, my God, I ask neither thy Gifts, nor thy Favours, nor thy Lights, nor the Graces which

which thou dost confer upon those Souls which are Faithful to thee, but only thy great Mercy. 'Tis neither to thy Gifts nor to thy Graces that I cleave, all my Desire is only to be faithful to thee, and to preserve myself thine in every thing and every where. Infinite Thanks be to thee, O my God, in that thou vouchsafest still to honour me, and shower down upon me thy greatest Mercies and Favours. I would here conceal them from you, if my Obedience did not oblige me to reveal them. On *Tuesday* Night, whilst I was in Bed with my *Lady Abbess*, our great God appearing to me, all unworthy as I am, with all the Marks of Love, Goodness, and Tenderness, which an affectionate Father has for his Children, declared to me, that in Recompence for my Sufferings, he would make me experience and taste the Pleasure and Comfort of being conformable to him. That very Moment did I feel such a Profusion of the purest Joys, Pleasures, and Delights, that I could not forbear crying out, O my God, how happy is the Soul who is conformable to thee! After these Words, my Feet and Hands were at the same Instant tinged with Blood all over, as the *Lady Abbess*, who was Witness thereto, was the first who made me perceive. This Blood remained thereon for two Days, without its being possible for me to wash it off. In short, dear Father, I am not able to tell you here all the Mercies which our gracious God confer'd upon me Yesterday, being the Nativity of the *Virgin Mary*. In such Abundance were they heap'd and shower'd down upon me, that I could not resist them, but was forced, in spite of my utmost Efforts to give Way to them entirely; I should be oblig'd to you, dear Father, if you wou'd come and see me on *Monday* next, I beg it of you very earnestly for particular Reasons, which prompt me to ask this Favour; I even believe that it is very necessary for

for you to come, that I may be able to tell you in Person the Case in Agitation. However, if you cannot possibly come, be so good as to send me Word, if you please. *I am in Expectation of that Moment, with a perfect Union in Jesus Christ.*
Dear Father,

Your most humble, &c.

LETTER from Father GIRARD to Mademoiselle CADIERE, dated at Toulon, September 15, 1730.

Father Girard's Charity induced him to make one last Effort to bring back his Penitent into the right Way, imagining by her last Letter that he should find her better disposed thereunto, wherefore he determin'd to return once more to Ollioules. But not being able to prevail on her to confess her Fault, he the next Day wrote her the following Letter, which la Cadriere herself produced in Court. It may be easily seen, that if Father Girard could have reproach'd himself with the Crimes whereof he is accused, he would not have left her with so much Tranquility, and so little Precaution.

LAST Night, at my Return Home, they deliver'd me your last Letter, which contained only an Invitation to come to *Ollioules*. But what, my dear Child, was of more Importance in our last Conversation, or, at least, what appeared so to me, was the Article of a Confessor, upon the Necessity whereof you insisted more than once. I have consider'd thereupon; and as on one Hand, your Demand is just and reasonable, because I am not at Leisure to come and hear your Confession regularly enough in the Country whither you think to retire; and on the other Hand, 'tis to be

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feared that two Directors would perplex one another, or that they would, one or the other of them, discompose you, by throwing you into troublesome Uncertainties, if they should, on any Occasion, as may well happen, think fit to give you different Advice; and that therefore, very probably, either the one or the other must retire: After having consulted my good God, I have taken the Resolution, which seems most proper to me, to give place of my own Accord, and without Noise, and so leave Room for him whom you shall chuse, or have already chosen. I shall say nothing of this Change to whoever happens to mention it to me, but that I had not Time to confess you regularly at your Country-House, and you may yourself stick to the same Reason. This need not hinder you (if you should hereafter think my Advice useful or necessary) from addressing yourself to me with all Manner of Freedom, and I shall always be ready to do you all the little Services that lie in my Power. *Much less shall this prevent my continuing to beseech our Lord to heap his choicest Blessings upon you, and to give you the Grace to accomplish all his Designs faithfully and with Constancy. I hope that in better Hands you will walk more securely, and make greater Progress; and that if I have committed any Faults with regard to you, you will remember, however, that I had a good Inclination to assist you, and that this Thought will induce to you on your Side, not to forget me in your Prayers. I have herewith sent you two Books, that belong to you, which I have recover'd from Strangers with whom you left them; give Orders, if you please, for sending me from your House, the Volume of the History of Japan, which I want at present. I am, and always shall be, yours entirely in the sacred Heart of Jesus Christ.*

L E T-

LETTER from *Father GIRARD*, to the Lady Abbess of the Nuns of *St. Clare*, at *Ollioules*, *Toulon*, May 22, 1730.

One may see by this Letter, produced in Court by Mademoiselle Cadiere, what Esteem Father Girard then had for her Virtue.

Madam,

WITHIN these two Years that the Divine Providence has sent me to *Toulon*, it has pleas'd God to give me the Direction of a Soul whom he now calls to your Society, and for whom I desire a Place in your Convent. 'Tis *Mademoiselle Catharine Cadiere*, who is a little known to you, as I have heard her say; for which Reason, I shall say nothing in particular of her Discretion, her Humour, or her Virtue: I can only assure you that she is no common Soul, and that our Lord has a singular Predilection for her. Her Health will be such as it pleases God, in order to accomplish his Designs upon her in your House; and I will be answerable for the Goodness, and Certainty of her Call, because I have incontestable Proofs thereof. You will do her a great Kindness, in taking her into your House; and I am persuaded at the same Time, that God cannot confer in this Point a greater Favour upon your Convent, than by granting and sending you such a Person. You will in a short Time be convinced hereof. I beg you, *Madam*, to keep absolutely secret from your Society, the Affair about which I have now the Honour to write to you; because it will be difficult to prevent its getting Air, and coming to the Ears of her Relations, who would then use their utmost Efforts to keep her with them; altho' I know that

that when she is once gone from them, they will submit to God's most holy Will. I expect your Answer as soon as possible, and hope from your Piety, Zeal, and Prudence, that it will be favourable. *I have the Honour, to be, with a profound Respect, Madam,*

*Your most Humble, and most Obedient Servant,
Girard, Jesuit.*

*The Lady Abbess's Answer to Father GIRARD,
Ollioules, May 23, 1730.*

Reverend Father,

I Have receiv'd the Letter which you did me the Honour to write to me, and the Motive thereof gave me a sensible Pleasure. The young Gentlewoman is pretty well known to me; but if her Merit had not reach'd my Ears, I should certainly esteem her greatly, if it was only on Account of her being recommended to me by you. However, the Opposition of her Relations is a great Obstacle to me; but the Assurance you give me, that when once she has taken her Resolution they will submit, together with the Consideration and Respect which I owe you, induces me to recede from the Protestation I had made never to admit any one under those Circumstances. Be so good, then, if you please, Reverend Father, if Mademoiselle *Cadiere* does come, to take Care that her Relations don't offer to make any Disturbance in our Parlour. We happen'd once to be involv'd in such a Difficulty, and I should not desire to meet with it a second Time. As I shall have the Honour to receive her from you, I rely upon your Prudence, and after having assured you of my most humble Duty, have the Honour to profess myself with great Respect and Submission, *Reverend Father,*

Your very humble, &c.

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LETTER from the Lady Abbess of the Convent of St. Clare, at Ollioules, to Mademoiselle CADIERE, Ollioules, June 1, 1730.

Madam,

I Would willingly have purchased, at any Rate, the holy Joy and perfect Satisfaction which I felt from your Resolution of coming to consecrate yourself to God in our House. I know very well that you have always belong'd to him; but nevertheless I am pleas'd with your trying the Difference between being devoted to him in a Cloister, and serving him in the World, let it be ever so faithfully. I congratulate you beforehand upon the Happiness which I am persuaded you will soon enjoy. There was nothing but the Opposition of your dear Relations that could be any Obstacle to your earnest Desires, and made me likewise doubt of the Success of your Design. But that which then caus'd our Uneasiness, ought now to serve us a convincing Proof of the adorable Designs of God upon you, in the Choice you have made. I hope that you never will have any Thoughts of looking back; since, besides the Solidity of your Understanding, I flatter myself that you will find here very easy Means of keeping up your Devotion. I shall not mention here the just Regret which you will undoubtedly feel at leaving the holy Direction of the Reverend Father Rector, to whom be pleas'd to offer my most humble Respects. You may, with his Permission, come what Day you please, the sooner the better, provided it is the Time which God appoints. I defer to a proper Opportunity, the testifying my just Acknowledgments to your Relations, for the Obligation

litation which I have to them, for their acquiescing with your entering our Convent; the Lord will recompence their Sacrifice. I expect the Performance of yours, and I am truly in the sacred Heart of *Jesus*,

Dear Madam, your very humble, &c.

LETTER from Father GIRARD, to the Lady Abbess at the Convent at Ollioules, Toulon, June 5, 1730.

Mademoiselle Cadiere being to set out for Ollioules, as she did, early in the Morning, on the 6th of June, Father Girard wrote this Letter the Evening before. It was produced in Court by la Cadiere.

Madam,

THIS is the Soul which *Jesus Christ* has reserv'd for your Monastery, and which I send to you; I willingly resign her up into such Hands as yours, and return you a thousand Thanks for consenting to receive her. She is, by God's great Mercy, in an excellent Disposition; but were she not so, at present that she is going to be under your Eye, and to live under your Direction, she would soon acquire it. Your Example, Madam, your Instructions, your Orders, and the Prayers which you will have the Goodness to offer up for her, will render her such as she ought to be, to accomplish the Designs of our Lord for her Sanctification, and to walk uprightly in the Steps of those worthy *Nuns*, at the Head of whom the Divine Providence has so wisely placed you. I dare not ask you at first to permit *Mademoiselle Cadiere* to receive the Holy Sacrament every Day; perhaps you will soon find that God requires it, and does not think her unworthy of that singular Favour.

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But I beg you, at least, to allow it her pretty frequently. * A second Favour which I take the Liberty to request of you, is, that she may have the Liberty to write to me, without her Letters being read; and that my Answers may be deliver'd to her in the same Manner, without being seen. These Letters on both Sides, shall treat only of the Disposition of her Soul, and the Oeconomy of her Mind. I shall have the Honour in about Fortnight to wait on you myself, and recommend this dear Creature to you, as well as to recommend myself to your Prayers, and to assure you of my Acknowledgment for all your Goodness, and likewise of my being with profound Respect, *Madam*,

Your most humble, &c.

GIRARD, *Jesuit.*

LETTER from Father GIRARD, to the Lady Abbess of Ollioules, dated Toulon, June 26, 1730.

One may see by this Letter, which was produced in Court by Mademoiselle Cadiere, that 'twas the Lady Abbess who first desired that Father Girard might continue to confess her, and enter the Convent when she was sick, which he never had Occasion to do but once.

Madam,

Mademoiselle *Cadiere* told me the Day before Yesterday, on her Return from *Ollioules*, that you had obtain'd Leave for me to confess her

* Even in the best regulated Monasteries, the *Nuns* are allowed to write to their Confessors, and receive their Answers, without these Letters being communicated to their Superiours. We have seen hitherto with what Fidelity Father *Girard* has kept his Word, and whether the Letters which he desir'd should not be seen, contain'd any Thing but what related to his Penitent's Soul and Conscience.

Daugh-

Daughter, and to enter the Monastery when she happens to be sick. I return you, Madam, a thousand Thanks, nevertheless I myself ask'd Yesterday of the Reverend Father *Camelin* the Ratification of this Favour, which he granted me with a great many Marks of Goodness and Politeness. I do myself the Honour to acquaint you therewith, and hereafter you will know better the great Reasons I had to desire this Kind of Singularity, which nevertheless shall be attended with no ill Consequences, neither shall it, in any-wise, disturb the Order and Regularity of your holy House. I think it my Duty, Madam, to inform you that Father *Cadiere* has just told me that he has obtain'd Leave of the Reverend Father Commissary for himself and his Brothers, to eat in the Parlour. In this Case, methinks, you might assume the Honour of this Privilege to yourself, and it might be proper, after having mention'd it to the Reverend Father *Camelin*, to write yourself to Mademoiselle *Cadiere*, that you have desired this Permission for her Daughter, and that you have obtain'd it; Things, in my Opinion, would then look better on both Sides. You are prudent, Madam, and have need of no Body's Advice but your own. Forgive my taking this Liberty; you may judge that 'tis nothing but an Excess of Zeal, and the Part I take in whatever concerns you, which has embolden'd me to write this. Whatever you conclude, and whatever you do in this, and every Thing else, will, I am sure, be directed by Reason and Virtue. I have the Honour to be with the greatest Respect, *Madam*,

Your most humble, &c.

L E T-

LETTER from the Lady Abbess of the Monastery of St. Clare, at Ollioules, to Father GIRARD, July 3, 1730.

Reverend Father,

IF I had not lately given you a slight Notice of my Design, you would be too much surpriz'd at the Proposal I now make you. I believe, Reverend Father, that although *Nicodemus* was the secret Disciple of our Divine Master, he was not the less Holy for that; and that therefore by the Means of the holy Liberty which is allow'd me by my Post, I might, with little Noise, make great Progress in Virtue under your Direction. The Presence of our Probationer will serve me for a Cover, and furnish me with Opportunities. It is not necessary for you to come for me, but in the Journeys which you take for her, you may, if you please, spare me a few Minutes when first you arrive. I am not too long-winded, and will endeavour not to be troublesome. Our dear Daughter is very well, and presents her Respects to you, as well as her Mistress. I am, with a perfect Devotion, *my*

Reverend Father,
Your most humble and most obedient Servant,
Sister AUBERT, Abbess.

LETTER from the Lady de l'Escot, Mistress of the Novices, in the Monastery of St. Clare, at Ollioules, to the Lord Bishop of Toulon, October 31, 1730.

Father Cadiere having assured the Bishop of Toulon, that the Lady de l'Escot, Nun of the Convent of St. Clare, at Ollioules, had seen Father Girard take some Liberties with la Cadiere, that
Prelate

Prelate, whom they had endeavour'd to set against Father Girard, wrote to the Nun to know the Truth, begging her to answer him immediately; which she did as follows.

May it please your Lordship,

After presenting you my most humble Duty, I protest to your Lordship, upon the Faith of a Nun, that I never knew Mademoiselle *Cadiere's* Confessor either touch her Hand, or kiss her. The Express is in Hastē to be gone, wherefore I have only just Time to assure your Lordship that I have the Honour to be, with infinite Respect, my Lord,

Your most humble and most obedient Servant.

A MEMORIAL of all that happen'd in my Journey to Aix.

Father *Girard* produced in Court this Beginning of a Memorial, under Father *Cadiere's* Hand, with Abundance of Erasements. It is of Importance to show the Contradiction between what *la Cadiere* is here made to say, and what she was made to write in her Letter from *Aix*, which was full of the inward Pains she had felt in her first Day's Journey.

On the 17th Day of last Month, about six in the Morning, as soon as I got into the Calash with my Companions, I felt the Lord draw me to him on a sudden after the most perfect Manner that can be expressed; declaring to me, that the Motive of my Journey was very agreeable to him, that he blessed it beforehand, with all those who were with me, and that he would derive to himself from thence all the Glory that was due to him. This whole Day passed over entirely in such Favours from the Three Divine Persons who compose the most Holy Trinity

Trinity, and gave me to understand plainly that they would introduce me into their august Tabernacles, in order to render me capable of the profound Secrets of the Godhead.

The following Night, about twelve, I found myself lifted up from the midst of my Companions seven or eight Spans above the Bed, and surrounded with a Cloud from the (*Girdle*, is omitted in the Original) and my Head with the Glory of God himself. In this State of inexpressible Happiness, I discover'd evidently the very Bosom of God; with such a Profusion of Sweetness, Joy, and Light, that my Ideas, faint and mortal as they are, cannot describe; neither can they represent, by any Expression, the infinite Knowledge which he infused into me from thence the next Morning. Here the Memorial Ends, and was not finished.

A MEMORIAL of the REVELATIONS I received from the Lord concerning Sister de Remusat.

SISTER de *Remusat* was a Nun of the *Visitation* at *Marseilles*, whom Father *Girard* directed, and who died February 10, 1730, with the Reputation of a Saint. As Father *Girard* had a high Esteem for the Virtue of this Nun, *la Cadiere* and her Brothers invented all that is contained in this Memorial, in order to impose the better upon that Father, who produced it in Court, under the Hand of *Messire Cadiere*, the Secular Priest.

During the Life of Sister de *Remusat*, the different Favours which it pleased the Lord to heap upon me on her Account, were, to represent her to me as perfectly united with him, sometimes showing me sensibly the fixed Point, and the *

* A School Term absolutely unknown to *la Cadiere*; there are several more of the same in the following Memorial.

specifick Degree of her strict Union with his adorable Heart, and lastly, as rais'd sometimes above an infinite Number of Souls, holy and illustrious for their high Virtues in this blessed Region, who all consider'd her as the Object of their Admiration. The next Morning, I found myself seiz'd with such an universal Transport in all my Senses, that they were in a Manner absorb'd therein; and in the very Instant that I felt this Excess of inward Joy, I was order'd to fall upon my Knees, and thank the Lord for the great Mercies he had just granted to Sister *Anne-Magdalen*, a Name then unknown to me, and which was only reveal'd that very Moment. Some Days afterwards, being inform'd of her Death by my Confessor, which evidently made good what the Lord had revealed to me some Time before on her Account I retir'd Home, and locking myself alone into my Chamber, felt in an Instant such an exquisite Pain in all my Limbs, that it reduced me into a Sort of Agony; wherein the Lord discovered to me the Degree of Glory which her Soul enjoy'd in Heaven. And in order to give me an evident Proof of the Happiness of which I had been a Witness, she immediately granted me an entire Deliverance from a State of Possession wherewith I had been afflicted about four Months, and whereof I feel the particular Effects more and more.

At other Times I saw her prostrate at the Foot of the Throne of Mercy, imploring particular Graces for the Support of her dear Father. Sometimes I beheld her enjoying the same Degree of Glory as my blessed Sister *Mary a la Coque*.

Lastly, one Night about eight, when I went to Bed, the Lord did me the Favour to show me an infinite Number of Angels who carried her Heart in Triumph in a Shrine, with Acclamations of Joy and Gladness; and before them I perceived the

the Bishop of *Marseilles*, in all his Pontifical Robes, assisting at the Ceremony, and the Angels carrying his Mitre.

These, Reverend Father, are the most distinct Revelations with which it hath pleased the Lord to favour me.

A MEMORIAL of the Favours, which, by the Lord's great Mercy, I enjoy'd throughout Lent, in the Year 1730.

THIS Collection of Revelations was deliver'd by *la Cadere* to Father *Girard*, Aug. 21, 1730, under the Hand of her Brother the *Abbe*, who likewise transcribed all his Sister's Letters to Father *Girard*; it pleased Providence that *la Cadere* when she returned to this Father most of the Letters he had written to her, should likewise send the same Memorial in the Bundle of Letters written by Father *Cadere*.

One need only cast an Eye upon this Memorial, to be convinc'd; First, That one ought not to ascribe the extraordinary Things that are related therein to the Operations of the Devil, as *la Cadere* now pretends. Secondly, That a Girl, bred up in a Hempfeller's Shop, did not compose it. Thirdly, That one cannot reconcile what pass'd in her, during this Lent, with the infamous Actions which, she pretends she suffer'd at the very same Time.

On the 21st of February, 1730, about eight at Night, being at Supper with all my Relations, the Lord appeared to me on a sudden in a human Shape, and the Impressions which his Presence made upon me, were so forcible at that Instant, that they oblig'd me to steal away from my Relations, and retire to my Chamber, in order to give full Scope to those pleasing Motions

of Grace, wherewith my Heart was fill'd to a Profusion. Then it was that he began to declare his Sentiments to me, with all the Tenderness of a Father to his Child; and he gave me plainly to understand, that he would carry me with him into the Desert, there to pass the forty Days of *Lent*, during which he would feed me, not with the Bread of Men, but with the Bread of Angels, and with his Grace only, which alone is sufficient for his Saints, according to the Oracle of his Apostle; *non in pane solo vivit homo*. Then it was, I say, that he let me know that he would associate me to him in his State of Sacrifice, and make me Partaker of that Excess of Love which alone had made him lay down his Life for the Redemprion of all Mankind; to this End he show'd me a Chalice, which he held in his Hands, and declar'd, *That that was the New Covenant which he would contract with me, for the Expiation of the Sins of an infinite Number of Sinners, who every Day profane his Holy ----- and for which he required me to satisfy his Justice, as being a Victim agreeable in his Eyes.* The Horror of such a Sacrifice at that Time shock'd all my Senses; but in an Instant he let me know, that he could not confer a greater Mercy upon me, than to associate me to himself in his Sufferings, for the Satisfaction of his Father's Justice; because that such a Sacrifice to the Divine Will, having render'd him the Object of his Father's most tender Condescensions, I ought to be associated to him, and should by that Submission enjoy the same Happiness. My Will being resign'd up to these Impressions, I then perceived all the different Sorts of Crimes, overflowing, as it were, the Face of the Earth. On one Hand, the whole Horrour of Sin, with Regard to God, was revealed to me, and I felt myself oppress'd and loaded with its whole Weight. On the

the other Hand, being grieved for the Enormity of Sin, proportionably to my great Knowledge, it caus'd in me such an exquisite Pain as is inexpressible, and pierc'd every Part of my Body. Methought that all within me, my Mind, my Heart, in a Word, all my Faculties, were nothing but Sin, Abominations, Prophanations, and execrable Violations of his sacred Laws. This Pain was so violent, that it threw me into a mortal Agony, whose Impression was so acute, that it instantly made all the Parts of my Body dissolve till the last Day of *Lent*; and there issued from thence a prodigious Quantity of Blood, attended with a continual Fever. A Complication of so many Evils reduc'd me to such a weak Condition, that I should infallibly have dy'd twenty times a Day, if the Almighty Power of God had not supported me by his Grace, and by internal and powerful Assistance, which abundantly strengthened me within.

On the 8th Day of *Lent*, being ready to sink, as I lay in my Bed, under the Number of my Infirmities, I felt on a sudden an invisible Hand, which ravish'd all my Faculties; at the same time the Lord vouchsafed to manifest to me his sacred Heart, pierc'd in every Part by the murdering Wounds which Sin inflicts upon him, and from whence flow'd Streams of Blood, which fell abundantly upon a certain Number of Souls, for whose Salvation he had render'd me the Propitiation and Victim. That very Instant, he let me know to what a Degree his adorable Heart was wounded at the Sight of Sin; and at the same time, mine, by Sympathy, was seiz'd with such a violent Sorrow, that it immediately caus'd * an external Wound, whence the Blood ran abundantly, and which continues still running.

* 'Tis known that *La Cadere* had this Sore before, so that 'tis far from being miraculous.

On the 10th Day, finding myself in a very sad Condition, by reflecting upon the Nature of Sin, which was continually in my Thoughts, about eight in the Morning, as I was hearing Mass, and after having receiv'd the Communion, I was shewn a Ray of that pure Love, with which the Saints love in Heaven. It was so pure, and I was so infinitely smitten therewith, that I cou'd desire nothing else, but only to beg the Lord that he wou'd confer on me that Ray of Love, the Beauty, and sole View of which had ravish'd me to that Degree, that Death at that Time would have been welcome, so that I might have enjoy'd such great Love: But I was told, that whilst the Creature is upon Earth, it is incapable of enjoying, even for a Moment, that pure Love, whereof I had a View; because it is of such a Nature, that its Enjoyment, like a subtle Flame, would soon reduce a human Body to Ashes. This View made such Impressions on my Heart, that I no longer felt any thing but an extreme Desire of possessing, as soon as possible, that pure Love, which is the Object of the Saints in Heaven.

On the 11th Day, about eight in the Morning, I had no sooner receiv'd the Sacrament, but God warn'd me to retire, as speedily as possible, to my Chamber. And having obey'd the Motions of Grace, I was no sooner got there, but falling prostrate upon the Earth, I was at once depriv'd of all my Senses, and discover'd the Three adorable Persons of the Trinity, especially the Father, who reveal'd to me, without reserve, his greatest Secrets. I then comprehended that God the Father had existed from all Eternity, and before all Time; that by the Knowledge of himself he begot his Son, and that the mutual Love of these two produc'd the Holy Ghost, who is the indissoluble Tye and Bond of the two other Persons. I likewise comprehended, that the Son was the Object of his Father's Con-

scension,

scension, and the spotless Mirrour of his adorable Perfections; that the Father * is unproduc'd, and always producing, and that he is equally uncreated, always producing, and free; and that they are all Three infinite, immutable, incomprehensible, uncreated, and free. The Power is the Father's, the Wisdom the Son's, and the Holy Love the Holy Ghost's.

On the 12th Day, about 11 in the Morning, being busy working in my Chamber, I saw the adorable Person of *Jesus Christ*, in the same manner as when upon Earth he convers'd with his Apostles. I had the Happiness to hear him say these divine Words: *Be ye all lowly minded; be ye all perfect, as your Father, who is in Heaven, is perfect.* I was also so happy as to see the Light wherewith the Divine Master instructed his Apostles, with what Sweetness, with what Goodness, with what Tenderness, and with what Love, he supported all the rustick Mien, and ignorant Behaviour of these Men, whose Extraction was as low and mean as possible. I cannot here express the tender Consolation which I receiv'd in waiting upon my divine Master, whose every Word that came out of his Mouth seem'd like fiery Darts, which melted my Heart by its pleasing Sweetness, which none but the Soul, that is in a special Manner cherish'd by God, can taste.

On the 13th, about five in the Evening, I found that God drew to himself all the Faculties of my Soul; and there he gave me a View of that Glory, whereof *St. John* in the *Revelations* speaks only figuratively. I there perceiv'd the Throne of God, and at the same Time nine Heavens, wherein every Saint is plac'd according to the Degree of Glory which he has merited. I likewise saw a River which issu'd from the very Throne of the Deity, as transparent

* A barbarous Expression, entirely *Latin*, and purely Theological, which never came out of *La Cadiere's* Mouth, neither, doubtless, does he know its Meaning.

as Chryſtal, and paſſing through theſe Heavens, ſpread and communicated itſelf to all the Saints, in Proportion to their Degree of Love and Virtue; which Degree of Love, Virtue, and Glory, like the ebbing and flowing of the Tide, return'd always to its firſt Principle. After this great Favour which it pleas'd the Lord to confer upon me, I cou'd no longer reſolve to live abſent from my dear Country, adorn'd with ſo many Delights and Beauties; of which *St. Paul* himſelf ſays; *The Ear has never heard, nor the Eye ſeen the like; neither hath it enter'd into the Heart of Man to conceive it.*

On the 14th Day, I was ſeiz'd with a mortal Sorrow, on reflecting upon the Sacrifice wherewith it pleas'd my good God to honour me for the Expiation of the Sins of Men. This Reflection was ſo ſenſible to me, that I cou'd not reſolve to live a Moment; on conſidering on one Hand the Holineſs of God alone, and on the other, all the Malice and Enormity of the Sins of Mens. Theſe two ſo different Views produc'd in me a Sorrow proportionable to the Heinousneſs of Sin, the Outrage it does to God, and the Excellence or Eminence of the Divine Perſons. This Sorrow was ſo piercing that it oblig'd me to keep my Bed, cauſing in me a * ſpitting of Blood, and a very conſiderable Diſcharge thereof otherwiſe, without my being able to apply any Remedy thereunto, or to take any Suſtenance during the whole *Lent*, but Water.

On the 15th Day, about two in the Afternoon, I had a Viſion of *Jeſus Chriſt*, who appear'd to me in the ſame Condition as when he came out of the Judgment-Hall, and ſaid; *See, Daughter, to what the Exceſs of my Love has transported me for the Salvation of Mankind; and yet theſe ungrateful and rebellious Men, reſuſe to love and to acknow-*

* The 14th Day of *Lent* fell on the 8th of *March*. We have ſeen in the Memorial the Importance of this Remark.

ledge

ledge me. What cou'd I do more to give them Proofs of my Affection? And what is there elſe which I am not ready to do for their Salvation? This Diſcourſe produc'd ſuch a wonderful Effect in my Heart, that at that very Moment I offer'd myſelf as a Sacrifice, to ſuffer with him all the Ignominy, Diſgraces, Pains, Diſeaſes, and moſt exquisite Torments, to procure him the Glory of ſome Souls, which have coſt him the full Price of his Blood.

On the 16th Day, about five in the Morning, I perceiv'd the adorable Heart of *Jeſus Chriſt* pierc'd in every Part like a Sieve, from whence ſream'd a great Quantity of Blood; underneath it I beheld a Million of Perſons who receiv'd this Blood, and yet of ſo great a Number, there was but one to whom the Merit thereof was apply'd.

On the 17th Day, being in the Church of the Reverend Fathers the *Carmelites*, during Veſpers, and having caſt my Eyes towards the Holy Sacrament, I at once found myſelf ſmitten, and drawn out of myſelf: Doubtleſs, this was one of thoſe Looks wherewith the Bride in the *Canticles* ſays, *That her Bridegroom ſmote her*: The Creature, being too feeble in itſelf to ſuſtain all the enchanting Looks of a God, who takes Pleaſure in favouring it with thoſe Looks, which are only to be ſupported in Heaven.

I fell then that Inſtant into a Swoon, which wou'd inevitably have prov'd my Death, if a melodious and raviſhing Harmony, which then ſtruck my Ears, had not enliven'd, ſtrengthen'd, and rais'd my Spirits from that Dejection into which they were plunged. This Harmony is of ſuch a Nature, that no human Tongue can deſcribe it as it really is.

On the 18th Day, having receiv'd the Communion, during Maſs, I perceiv'd a Globe of Fire, which fell upon me, and ſo chang'd me into its own Nature, that methought I was nothing but Fire,

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which

which by its natural Property purify'd me after such an extraordinary Manner, that it gave me the same Agility of Body, as we shall have at the general Resurrection. Immediately I found myself rais'd up and suspended in the Air three Spans from the Ground; which happened to me in the Church of the Reverend Fathers the *Jesuits*, where, tho' I was expos'd to the Eyes of the whole Congregation, God permitted only one Person to observe me in that Condition.

On the 19th Day, being in my Chamber reflecting on the great Wonders which God works in the Souls which have the Happiness to be faithful to him, in an instant, by a sudden Motion, I was again raised about eight Spans from the Ground, and from thence I perceiv'd the most Holy Trinity, as it were in a Bush, the Father and Son holding a Crown in their Hands, under which, being suspended in the Air, with my Hands uplifted, I heard a Voice come from the middle of the Bush, which said thus; *Daughter, I unite you to myself in so special a manner, that you never yet receiv'd such a Favour from my Hands: For the future, you shall be permitted to enter into my Secrets.* Oh! who can here explain the Extent, the Greatness, and the Depth of the Decrees which God was then pleas'd to communicate to me. I then comprehended the Holiness of his Justice, the Extent of his Mercy, the Oeconomy of his particular Designs upon Souls, the Secrets of Hearts, * the Depth of the Sea, the Compass of the Earth, the Height of the Heavens, the Order and Course of the Stars; and, in short, the Incomprehensible Decrees of Predestination as to Creatures; how he is equally just in saving the one, as in punishing the other; in-

* She affirms Things here whereof she never spoke before, and which she certainly never knew; Cou'd she now give any Account of all these fine Discoveries?

much

much that amidst such sublime Revelations, I cou'd not forbear crying out; *Thou art just, O Lord! O Abyss! O Wisdom! O Impenetrable Mystery! Whoever knows thee, cannot but love thee.*

On the 20th Day, which was the Festival of St. *Joseph*, about eight in the Morning, I found, during Mass, that God attracted to himself all the Faculties of my Soul; at the same Time I was shown three Heavens, in the lowest whereof I was. From thence I perceived in the highest, the Throne of Glory to which St. *Joseph* was raised, and had the Happiness to contemplate the whole Extent of his Glory. But this great Saint, in order to suit himself better to my Weakness, came down immediately into the 2d Heavens, where I saw him in the same manner as upon Earth, holding the Child *Jesus* in his Arms, whom he deliver'd into my Hands. I was then permitted to clasp him to my Breast, and to unite myself closely to him, a Favour which was so great, that I had almost died with Joy. He then gave me many salutary Instructions for myself and several other Persons, after which the Vision disappear'd. At that Instant there was a profound Silence throughout this Heaven, and I saw St. *John the Evangelist* come down, whose Beauty was ravishing to the Eye, holding in his Hand a Book seal'd with seven Seals, which having open'd, I perceiv'd that he wrote therein, in large Characters, *Mary Catharine, John Baptist*, after which he shut it, and carried it before the Throne of God, where addressing himself to the Second Person, who is the Son, he presented him the Book closed, but holding it all the while himself, and *Jesus Christ* laying his Hand thereupon, pronounced these Words with a loud Voice: *I swear by myself, that what is here written is unalterable.* Immediately afterwards there was again Silence in the same Heaven, and I saw a

great Cross, which *Jesus Christ* held in his Right-Hand. I had no sooner cast my Eye thereupon; but I immediately found myself rais'd up towards it with as much Rapidity as Iron is attracted by the Loadstone. Then *Jesus Christ* said thus to me; *Daughter, come near, that my Love may crucify you, before that my Righteousness makes you perfect.* Then taking my Hands, he fasten'd them to the Cross, as well as my Feet; and his Love then produced in me, all that the Executioners made him suffer on the Day of his Passion. These Impressions, which were only Internal, produced, nevertheless, in me so great a Love, that I could not support its Violence; insomuch, that I was quite depriv'd of my Senses, from eight in the Morning till six at Night.

On the 21st Day, I again fell Sick, by Reason of the same Reflexion with which I was before tormented for the Expiation of Sin: A continual Fever, with a fresh spitting of Blood, soon reduc'd me to a State of Weakness, which would have prov'd mortal, if the Almighty Power of God had not supported me. As I could not go to Mass that Morning to receive the Communion, I discover'd, about 6 o'Clock, a Multitude of Angels, which brought me in the holy *Pyx*, the adorable Body of *Jesus Christ*; and at the same Time told me, that she who no longer liv'd upon bodily Food, must be supported by the Food of the Saints (*). Such a Favour threw me into Transports of Love, and an extatick Rapture; which raising me about three Spans from my Bed, I enjoy'd for half an Hour such great and sovereign Happiness as can't be express'd.

* This is the 3d Time that her Abstinence from all Manner of Food has been repeated; but it is known at present that she used to eat in secret.

On the 22d Day I was carry'd, about the same Hour, just as I was, before the Throne of the most holy Virgin, which I shou'd have mistaken for that of the Deity, if it had not been shewn me before. I found then, that besides God's, there was none but *Mary's*; that God's Glory was *Mary's*; and that *Mary's* Glory was God's. There I had great Revelations of the Virtues which had rais'd her to this high degree of Love and Glory; I was likewise informed of the particular Dominion which *Mary* has over God himself, as being her Son. I saw also an infinite number of Angels, Virgins, and Saints, who were at the Foot of her Throne, and sung with a most coelestial and ravishing Harmony, the Angelical Salutation.

On the 23d Day, I was instructed in the Nature of Angels; whereby I found that the Angels have not the same Happiness as the Saints, since the least of the Saints surpass in Heaven the greatest and most distinguished Angels. I found also, that these supreme Intelligences compose one Choir, * and that God, notwithstanding their excellent Perfection, seem'd to degrade himself in communicating his Glory to them.

On the 24th Day, God, manifesting himself to me, declared, *That he had created and sent me into the World, only to give a visible Demonstration of his Power, his Glory, and his Love; and to shew to how great a Degree he can favour, even in this Life, a Soul which is faithful to him.* He told me likewise, *That he would conduct me into the Conclave of his Holy Trinity, and would there freely discover to me his greatest Miracles, and appear to me such as he really is.* In effect, I there discover'd an eternal Day, a Night without End, a

* A mere weak Notion, broach'd in the School of the *Thomists*, which *F. Cadere* advances here as a reveal'd Truth.

Shore without a Bank, a Greatness without Bounds, a Light always equal, unalterable, immutable, invariable, wherein all the Saints were swallowed up like a Grain of Sand in the Sea. I understood that God had created Man only to love him; that from all Eternity he had different Designs upon all his Creatures; that his Grace operates in them after a quite different Manner, but intirely according to his good Pleasure; that the Father acts in the Souls of the Just after a different Manner from the Son, and the Son from the Holy Ghost; that is to say, that the Father inlightens, the Son gives, and the Holy Ghost produces.

On the 25th Day, I again saw this celestial Glory, at the Entrance whereof I stood, when the Lord taking me by the Hand, said to me, *Daughter, come forward, because I will conduct you into my magnificent Palace, and show you this exquisite Master-Piece of my Book.* Immediately I perceiv'd a vast Place, which seem'd, however, to be bounded, with lofty Columns rais'd beyond the Reach of Sight, which sustain'd the Dome of Heaven. The Walls were, as it were, inlaid with all Sorts of precious Stones, whose Splendor and Beauty are beyond the Ken of our Senses, and cannot be expressed by any Terms. In the Middle I discover'd a large River, which ran across Heav'n. Every Saint there was clothed with a white Robe, and all appeared to me of an equal Size. It was there revealed to me that *Mary Magdalen* possessed the Place of *Lucifer*, and that the twelve Apostles sat upon the twelve Tribes; after which a Multitude of Virgins were shown me, wearing gold Collars about their Necks, which I was told signify'd the Yoke of Obedience. Lastly, I beheld a great Number of Old Men, some holding Crowns, and others Vessels of Perfume, who came, according to their Ranks, and prostrating themselves before the Throne

Throne of God, adored the God of this high Majesty, and deliver'd up all at the Foot of his Throne.

On the 26th Day, God discover'd to me the innumerable Multitude of Sinners which live upon Earth, and held in his Hand the Thunder of his Justice, ready to exterminate this ungrateful Race of Offenders against his Law. At the same Time he gave me to know, that if any righteous Soul wou'd offer itself up as a Victim for the Expiation of their Crimes, he was very ready to grant them his great Mercy. That Instant I offer'd myself to be the Victim of his Justice, whereupon I saw an Altar prepared, with a Lamb stretch'd out upon the Middle thereof, upon which there immediately fell a Million of Darts, which pierced this Lamb in every Part with deep Wounds, from each of which stream'd a prodigious Quantity of Blood. Here the Sacrifice ended, but this was only a Type of mine; for from that Moment I began to enter into a general State of all Sorts of Sufferings, and an inward Pain rack'd me to that Degree, that the Cruelty of Hangmen, compared to my Torments, would have been an Alleviation and Mitigation of my Tortures. The Excess of Pain with which I was afflicted, soon threw me into a mortal Agony, which deprived me of the Use of my Senses, and drew from all my Veins such an abundant Quantity of Blood, that I was found weltring therein in my Bed.

On the 27th Day, I fell into so sensible an Extasy, that all my Relations perceived it, and then the Lord gave me to understand that he could not raise a Creature to a higher State than by associating it to himself in his State of Sacrifice, because he alone having thereby render'd himself the Object of his Father's Condescension, the Creature which conforms itself thereto, may expect to become equally agreeable

agreeable to God. I continued in this State of Suffering till *Saturday* in the 4th Week of *Lent*.

On *Palm Sunday*, when I got out of Bed, and left my Chamber, I found my Relations discoursing together about the Passion of *Jesus Christ*, which instantly threw me into a Swoon, wherein I perceived our Lord crowned with Thorns, clothed with Purple, and holding a * Reed in his Hand. This so sorrowful and afflicting Sight, made me weep for three Hours, even during the Privation of my Senses; and then I understood the great Number of Graces which the Lord conferred upon some Souls which were faithful to him. Some time after, being come to myself, I went out to receive the Sacrament; and just as I was preparing myself for it, by the Remembrance of *Jesus Christ's* triumphant Entry into *Jerusalem*, I recollected and took Notice that no-body had invited him to Dinner; upon which being moved with Tenderness and Compassion for my Divine Saviour, I ardently desired to have had the Happiness to have lived at that Time, that I might have offer'd him my Table, and might have thereby repaired the Affront which the *Jews* put upon him therein. But that very Instant this great God appearing to me, declared, *That he received with Pleasure those Sentiments of Goodness and Tenderness where-with I had been affected on his Account, and that therefore he would in his Turn let me taste the Sweetness and Efficacy of his Blood*; with which I accordingly found my Mouth actually fill'd at the Time that I received the Sacred Host. In short, I passed this whole Night in extreme Suf-

* Roberts's Translator renders *Roseau*, a *Rosary*, tho' it signifies a *Reed*; and so makes our Saviour go to be crucify'd with a *Sett of Beads in his Hand*; a very pretty Discovery! Besides, there being ten *Ave Maria's* in the *Rosary*, to one *Pater-noster*, our Saviour must have pray'd to his Mother whilst yet upon Earth.

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ferings, accompany'd with continual Extasies and Raptures, even in the Churches, where I could not venture to stay, in order to conceal them from the Publick. I cannot here express all the Favours, Lights, Revelations, nor all the intimate and affectionate Communications of this great God with his unworthy Creature. What tender Affections, what intimate Communications, what Transports of Love, what divine Embracings, what Touches which inflam'd my Heart, what internal Delights, what real Pleasures, what pure Joys, what perfect Agreements, what endless Swoonings, in a Word, what tender and affecting Expressions were not utter'd and communicated to me? Sometimes being carry'd by Millions of Angels into the Bosom of God himself, I was permitted to rest my Head upon his Heart, whilst he supported me with his right Hand, and cover'd me with his left; insomuch that methought I was in a Garden of Delights, where eternal Light shines always, where Pleasures are without End, where Friendships are pure, where the Bride and Bridegroom are open-hearted, and take a real Pleasure in reposing themselves in each other's Arms in mutual Love. There 'tis that the Spouse particularly delights in discovering to the Soul all his Beauties and Loveliness, and speaks to it these Words of the *Canticle*, *Sleep my Well-beloved, my Fair-one, my Dove, rest thyself in my Bosom, ask what thou wilt, and I will grant it thee. If I had not made this vast Universe, the Master-Piece of my Glory, I would create it for thee alone. I pray you, Daughters of Jerusalem, make no Noise, lest you should awaken my Well-beloved who reposes in me. O! happy Sleep, wherein the Senses are at Rest, where no Power disturbs, where the Soul is in full Repose, and no longer acts at all. But, O! Prodigy! God operates therein what the human Understanding,*

standing, and the supreme Intelligences can neither comprehend nor express. That is, loving Looks, intimate Unions, delightful Communications, sublime Revelations, and infinite Operations: It is a Cloud which covers the Soul with Obscurity, in order to discover to it the true Light. The Son serves it as a Veil to enable it to raise and shoot itself into the very Bosom of God, where it discovers the Communication of the three adorable Persons. What Communication, what Love, what Union, what Conformity does not reign between them? The Father is all Love, Beauty, Riches, Holiness, Greatness, and Eminence. The Son and the Holy Ghost partake equally of his divine Qualities; but Words are wanting here to express myself, and I leave it to him alone to do it. Sometimes being introduced into those divine Cellars, to see the Beauty and the Excellence of the divine Love, whereof the more one drinks, the more one desires to drink; or, as *St. Paul* says, *the Tasting renews the Appetite*, and the Saints being intoxicated with the Abundance of the Wine, become still more fond of the Liquor, which is so delicious, and wherein all their Happiness consists. For my Part, not being able to bear its Strength, my Breast was forced to dilate itself, to make Room for him who desired to reside therein; and to that End was enlarged above three Inches. This Wine causes Rest, and fills us with Charms, It is pleasant to drink, it drowns all Cares; and he that drinks it in God, finds his Support therein. Oh! were I permitted to tell how often being drunk with these Torrents of Pleasure, I could no longer contain within me this extreme Heat which seemed to consume me even to the Marrow of my Bones. Sometimes with my Face as red as a Coal, and my Eyes sparkling, have breath'd out the most ardent Desires

fires to him who had inflam'd me with so pure a Love; sometimes I was forced to call him the only Object of my Charms, the Life of my Life, Soul of my Soul, Heart of my Heart, and the most charming and amiable Object.

O Love which burnest always, and art never consumed! If the Creature could but know thee, what would it not do to enjoy thee! In short, lifting up my Voice and my Cries to Heaven, I could only sigh, and intreat this Divine Love to come and reduce me to Dust and Ashes; to the End that he alone might reign eternally in my Soul. Thou knowest it, O my God! how often I have bedew'd the Pavement with my Tears, in supplicating you earnestly to come and deliver me as soon as possible from the Body of Death which hinders me from loving and possessing my Happiness, as perfectly as the Saints do in Heaven. How often have I cried out, Lord how grievous is it to me to live! How tedious is my Pilgrimage! How painful my Course! When wilt thou put an End to my Troubles and Torments! But, immortal Glory be render'd to thee, O my God, for so many Mercies and Favours! thou canst not resist the Sighs and Tears of my Heart, without hastening to satisfy thy Creature's Hunger. A thousand Times manifesting thyself to me with the same Eagerness as a passionate Lover can have for his Bride, hast thou declar'd to me that thou hast heard my Cries and Groans, and couldest not refuse thyself to my Desires; that thou hast been wounded with my Love, and wast smitten with a Passion for me, that could not be expressed, but might well be felt. Oh! Here 'tis impossible for me to tell with what Vehemence this great God deliver'd himself up to my Heart. Sometimes I was only able to cry out with the great *St. Francis Xavier*; *'tis enough, 'tis enough*, my God, moderate this Divine Ardour. How often, not being

being able to support this Ardour, have I thought the Earth too little to contain all that I felt! How often have I likewise been oblig'd to seek every where, as if out of myself, for a little Air that I might be able to breath! And how often have I been constrained to undress myself to give a little Ease to my Body! How often have I been oblig'd to run up and down the Stairs of our House, with a surprizing Force and Rapidity, in order to dilate my Heart a little, which would infallibly have sunk under the Pressure without this little Relief! In a Word, how often, in order to extinguish and allay the Flame that burnt within my Breast, have I apply'd Linen dipp'd in Water, to mitigate the fierce and burning heat which consumed me!

The PASSION WEEK.

HERE might I cry out, O! blessed Week, which has compleated all the Graces and Favours which my good God has conferred upon me! On *Monday* I was given to know, that God, during this Week, would work Miracles in me; and that therein was to be the Consummation of the Sacrifice that was required of me for the Expiation of Sin. Besides, it was reveal'd to me, that I should from *Maunday-Tuesday* to *Saturday* be deprived of my Senses. As to the three first Days of this Week, I pass'd them in extreme Sufferings; I had been afflicted with a Complication of so many Evils, that God alone, who was privy thereto, can reveal them. The weight of Sin seem'd to overwhelm me every way; I no longer look'd on myself, but as an Object worthy of Compassion and Pity, or as a Victim destin'd to Death and Punishment, which waits only for the fatal Stroke to finish its Tortures.

On *Maunday-Tuesday*, not being able to go to Church, by reason of my great Weakness, our Saviour

Saviour himself vouchsafed to make me a Partaker of his Holy Supper, which was first instituted on this very Day. I fell then about Ten a Clock into an Extasy, and I saw, in the Spirit, a large Hall well furnished. A Table was plac'd in the Middle, around which were all the Apostles, with *Jesus* in the Middle, who taking the Bread, blessed it, and lifting up his Eyes to Heaven, said these Words; *This is my Body*; then breaking it, he distributed it to his Apostles, saying; *Take, eat*; after which taking the Cup, he blessed it likewise, and lifting his Eyes again to Heaven, pronounced these Words; *This is my Blood, and the new Testament of my Covenant, take and drink, this Blood must soon be shed for the Salvation of all Mankind*: I partook of the same Happiness, and that Moment the Vision disappeared.

Immediately I fell again into a new Extasy, which lasted till about Nine at Night; I cannot here tell what I discovered therein, by reason of the eternal Silence that was enjoined me. I pass'd this whole Night with *Jesus Christ*, and was witness to all that happened to this *Man of Sorrows*, who was in the midst of a Company of Miscreants, that exercised upon him, all that the blackest and most abominable Malice, and infernal Rage could inspire. O Night of *Jesus*! worthy of Tears of Blood; who can express all that he suffered; all the Reproaches, all the Ignominy with which they loaded him, with the utmost Barbarity and Cruelty? Some uttering a thousand Blasphemies against him, whilst others, after having made a Crown of Thorns plaited together, put it upon his Head, and pressed it down with all their Strength, insomuch that they drew Streams of Blood from every Part of his divine Head, which trickled down in such Abundance, that his Face was at once covered with it: Then putting a Reed into his Hand, and

clothing

cloathing him with a Purple Mantle, they said to him in Derision, prophesy who struck thee. In short, during this whole Night, these Miscreants perpetrated the most horrible Outrages and Insults. All that *Jesus Christ* suffered through Love, I, for my part, suffered through Justice. I cannot here express the noble Sentiments of his divine Heart, his Love, his Submission, and the Patience wherewith he suffered all their Insults; for his ardent Desire to satisfy his Father's Justice, and the Salvation of the Souls for whom he delivered himself up to the shameful Death of the Cross, not only made him suffer with Pleasure, but made him desire ardently to shed even the last Drop of his Blood, to give Mankind an incontestable Proof of his Love. Finally, on *Friday*, being still deprived of my Senses, I perceived them come and take *Jesus* about Nine a Clock, load him with his Cross, and conduct him to Mount *Calvary*. His Justice also loaded me with mine, and I had the Happiness to accompany him in this painful Condition to the Place of his Execution. Oh! how sweet it is to carry one's Cross with *Jesus*, and to die with him! At last We arrived at the Place; there they began to take his Cross from him, and command him to stretch himself out thereon; he obeys, and is nailed to it. The same Love which nails my God to the Cross, nails me likewise thereunto through Justice. Who can express the Violence of the Pains, both internal and external, which *Jesus Christ* then felt? It was not so much the Weight of his Body's being raised up, and suspended upon a Cross, by three Nails which caused his Anguish, as the Weight of the Sins wherewith he was loaded, and for the Expiation of which he was to lay down his Life: The same Love operated in me in proportion to his Sufferings, according to the Ability of the Creature. Some time after he said

said he was thirsty, not with a bodily Thirst; but with the Thirst that was caused by his ardent and earnest Desire of saving all Mankind, for whom he died, and among whom, nevertheless, very few reaped any Benefit from his invaluable Blood. He was three Hours in this terrible Condition, which was a greater Miracle of the Divine Omnipotence, than when he created this great Universe [in an Instant.] I likewise participated in his exquisite Sufferings, in Proportion to my Weakness, having a Crown of Thorns pressed down upon my Head very forcibly, which piercing it on every Side, made a great Quantity of Blood gush from my Eyes. Then was I seen quite out of my Senses, with my Forehead, Face, and Eyes, all covered with Blood; my Feet likewise were pierced, * a singular Favour which still continues visible, as well as the Mark of the Crown of Thorns, and of the Wound in my Side, which I received in this painful Condition. About the third Hour *Jesus* gave a loud Cry, and said these Words; *My God, my God, I resign my Soul into thy Hands*; and bowing down his Head, added, *All is finished*, after which he expired. The same Love which deprived him of Life, deprived me likewise of mine in my Turn; and leaving my Body upon Earth, I accompany'd his Soul into *Limbo*, a Place which I could not distinguish very well; however, I perceived that it was not a Place of Punishment. There I saw great Numbers of Souls who impatiently waited the Coming of the *Messiah* to deliver them from their Captivity, and to conduct them to Heaven, whose Gates had till then been shut. Who can express the Joy of these Saints, Patriarchs, and Prophets, at the Sight of their Deliverer? At last, the Hour being come, about four in the Morning,

* 'Tis known that she had these Wounds in her Feet long before.

Jesus Christ rose again by his own Power, and led with him Captivity Captive. Then it was that arriving at the Gates of Heaven which were shut, they open'd at the Approach of their King, who enter'd therein, and took Possession of the Title of King of Heaven and Earth; which Title was given him as being the God of Virtue. Oh! who can here express the Complacency with which God saw his dear Son arrive: He placed him immediately on his Right-hand as his well-beloved Son, and all Power was given him both in Heaven and Earth: All his Tenderness broke out in Looks of Love to this well beloved Son, who had faithfully accomplish'd his adorable Will: In short, all Heaven resounded with Acclamations of Joy, Songs of Gladness, and an universal Rejoicing. As for my Part, being charm'd with the Beauties and Wonders which I saw, I had forgot the Earth, and thought I had really anticipated my eternal Happiness; but whilst I was flattering myself with the Hopes of enjoying this Felicity, I perceiv'd St. *Theresa* and St. *Clare*, who rose from their Places; and found, by what the first said, that she desir'd me of God for her Order; but St. *Clare*, speaking in her Turn, represented to him the ardent Zeal she had always had for his Glory, and begg'd him to grant me to her Order, which every Day was losing its original Lustre. Then *Jesus Christ*, consulting his own Glory and Interest, granted her that Instant the Favour she desir'd; after which, addressing himself to me, said thus; *Daughter, I wou'd willingly have let you enjoy the Happiness which you now taste, but you must again labour for my Glory. I will make my Abode in you upon Earth as in Heaven; and dwelling in my Grace, I will finish the Edifice in eternal Rest, like the Temple of Solomon, who built that magnificent Structure without one Stroke of a Hammer. I will*

show

show myself to you just as I am in myself, and such as no Person ever saw me upon Earth. I will purify you perfectly, and will make you capable of seeing me: Observe well these Words, you shall soon see the Effect of them. 'Twas about ten a-Clock when I came to myself, after having been 36 Hours without Motion, and without any Sense. I got out of Bed that very Moment, as if I had never felt any Pain or Illness. My Wounds did not in the least prevent my walking, and I began to eat voraciously, not having receiv'd any Nourishment * during the 40 Days before, excepting Water; which is a miraculous Proof that his Almighty Grace had supported me during that Time.

'Tis to God's Glory that I address these Papers, attributing to him alone all that is good, extraordinary, and miraculous therein; to him alone then be all the Glory. Obedience † alone forced me to deliver them out of my Hands; he alone must be my Recompence, since 'twas for him only that I wrote them down, and parted with them. May all those ‖ who happen to read them, ascribe as much Honour, Praise, Love, and Glory, to him who is the Author of all, and who merits all without reserve.

* This is the 4th Time that she says she eat no Food during Lent.

† Obedience prohibited her delivering them to any one but F. Girard, and yet they had been seen in Toulon before ever F. Girard had them.

‖ F. Cadieve and his Sister even then imagin'd that their new Performance would be soon printed. What Humility!

F I N I S.



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